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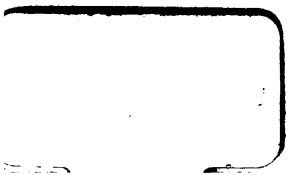

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Mahomet, Author of the Koran.

Boston, Published by H. W. Williams.

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THE

CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY E. BELLAMY.

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THE

CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR;

AN OFFERING

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

EDITED BY

ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY HENRY B. WILLIAMS.

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PREFACE.

"The Christian Souvenir" comes before the public as a stranger, in its modest garb asking to be entertained, with the warm hope that they who harbor it, may thereby receive a spirit of light, of beauty, and of love. The late hour at which the work was undertaken, of necessity, caused some embarrassments in the mechanical and artistical departments, which require time and care, to be rendered perfect. The engravings, from this circumstance, are not in all respects what we wish them, and what may be looked for in another volume. Still it is believed that they will compare with other annuals, and one or two of them, it is thought, are not often surpassed in beauty of design or in delicacy of finish.

In the literary department, the editor has endeavored to improve on all who have gone before him, by combining what shall be attractive, sparkling and chaste in polite literature, with a high degree of utility, and religious value. He may have failed in

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his attempt, and to some extent he is conscious of the fact, because contributions, valuable and relied upon, were received too late, or would occupy too much space for a work of limited size. But either from the fact, or because he strongly desires to have it thus, he believes that no annual ever issued in the country, will surpass this in interest or permanent value. The list of contributors is rich and varied, ranking the first writers of the age in their several departments, male and female, and their articles do no dishonor to their reputation.

It is somewhere written of a certain plant, that if it be placed in a close room for an hour or two, its penetrating fragrance will so infuse itself with every object, that for months after, its odor will exhilarate the senses, while the walls and ceiling seem to have become surcharged with its nature. Such we wish this gift-book to be, when upon Christmas and New-Year's day, it is taken to the fireside, or laid upon the centre table, to distil its moral aroma through the atmosphere of the parlor, whose sweet inspirations may be retained down the far vale of years.

There has been of necessity a postponement of some valuable articles offered, and among them there should be mentioned, an elaborate and most interesting sketch of "The Scottish Covenanters," by Rev. William C. Brownlee, D. D., of New-York. It is a

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loss to the reader of the present volume, that could not be avoided, but it may form an attractive feature of another. We had hoped, too, for the valuable aid of Prof. E. A. Park of Andover, one of the most accomplished scholars of the age; but on the eve of departure for Europe, he was compelled to deny us, with the promise, however, of future assistance and heart-felt interest. Trusting that our efforts will be received and esteemed with the hearty good will that has carried them forward, the work is submitted to the reader.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

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CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.

LAZARUS AND MARY.

From the eleventh chapter of John's Gospel.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Jesus was there but yesterday. The print
Of his departing feet was at the door;
His "Peace be with you!" was yet audible
In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear;
And, in the low rooms, 't was as if the air,
Hushed with his going forth, had been the breath
Of angels left on watch—so conscious still
The place seemed of his presence—yet, within,
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,
For Lazarus lay dead.
And Mary sat
By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.
The countenance whereon the Savior dwelt
With his benignant smile, the soft fair lines
Breathing of hope, were still all eloquent,
Like life well mocked in marble. That the voice,
Gone from those pallid lips was heard in Heav'n,

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Toned with unearthly sweetness—that the light,
Quenched in the closing of those stirless lids,
Was veiling before God its timid fire,
New-lit, and brightening like a star at eve—
That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,
Not with this cold clay sleeping—Mary knew.
Her heaviness of heart was not for him!
But close had been the tie by Death divided.
The intertwining locks of that bright hair
That wiped the feet of Jesus—the fair hands
Clasped in her breathless wonder while He taught—
Scarce to one pulse thrilled more in unison,
Than with one soul this sister and her brother
Had locked their lives together. In this love,
Hallowed from stain, the woman's heart of Mary
Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.
Of an unblemished beauty, as became
An office by archangels filled till now,
She walked with a celestial halo clad;
And while to the Apostles' eyes, it seemed
She but fulfilled her errand out of Heaven—
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God—
She was a woman, fond and mortal still;
And the deep fervor, lost to passion's fire,
Breathed through the sister's tenderness. In vain
Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,
That it was not her brother. He was there—
Swathed in that linen vesture for the grave.
The same loved one in all his comeliness—
And with him to the grave her heart must go.
What though he talked of her to angels? Nay—
Hovered in spirit near her?—'t was that arm,

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Palsied in death, whose fond caress she knew!
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,
Morning and eve, love hemmed the sweet day in.
This was the form by the Judean maids
Praised for its palm-like stature, as he walked
With her by Kedron in the eventide—
The dead was Lazarus! * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

The burial was over, and the night
Fell upon Bethany—and morn—and noon.
And comforters and mourners went their way—
But Death stayed on! They had been oft alone,
When Lazarus had followed Christ to hear
His teachings in Jerusalem, but this
Was more than solitude. The silence now
Was void of expectation. Something felt
Always before, and loved without a name,—
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,
Welcome and life from off the very walls,
Seemed gone—and in the chamber where he lay
There was a fearful and unbreathing hush
Stiller than night's last hour. So fell on Mary
The shadows all have known, who, from their hearts,
Have released friends to Heaven. The parting soul
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the sky,
As if its path lay, from the tie last broken,
Straight through the cheering gateway of the sun;
And, to the eye strained after, 't is a cloud
That bars the light from all things.

Now as Christ
Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth
With Martha, mourning Lazarus. But Mary

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Sat in the house. She knew the hour was nigh
When He would go again, as He had said,
Unto his Father; and she felt that He,
Who loved her brother Lazarus in life,
Had chose the hour to bring him home through Death
In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone—
She could lift up the bitter prayer to Heaven,
"Thy will be done, Oh God!"—but that dear brother
Had filled the cup and broke the bread for Christ;
And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt
And washed those holy feet, came Lazarus
To bind His sandals on, and follow forth
With drooped eyes, like an angel, sad and fair—
Intent upon the Master's need alone.
Indissolubly linked were they! And now,
To go to meet Him—Lazarus not there—
And to His greeting answer "It is well!"
And, without tears, (since grief would trouble Him
Whose soul was always sorrowful,) to kneel
And minister alone—her heart gave way!
She covered up her face and turned again
To wait within for Jesus.

But once more
Came Martha, saying, "Lo! the Lord is here
And calleth for thee, Mary!" Then arose
The mourner from the ground, whereon she sate
Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up
The golden locks of her dishevelled hair,
And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil
Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And still,
As she made ready to go forth, a calm
As in a dream fell on her.

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At a fount,
Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,
Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near
Were the way-worn disciples in the shade;
But, of himself forgetful, Jesus leaned
Upon his staff, and watched where she should come
To whose one sorrow—but a sparrow's falling—
The pity that redeemed a world could bleed!
And as she came, with that uncertain step,—
Eager, yet weak,—her hands upon her breast,—
And they who followed her all fallen back
To leave her with her sacred grief alone,—
The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew near,
And the disciples rose up from the fount,
Moved by her look of wo, and gathered round;
And Mary, for a moment, ere she looked
Upon the Savior, stayed her faltering feet,
And straightened her veiled form, and tighter drew
Her clasp upon the folds across her breast;
Then, with a vain strife to control her tears,
She staggered to their midst, and at His feet
Fell prostrate, saying "Lord! hadst thou been here,
My brother had not died!" The Savior groaned
In spirit, and stooped tenderly, and raised
The mourner from the ground, and in a voice,
Broke in its utterance like her own, He said,
"Where have ye laid him!" Then the Jews who came,
Following Mary, answered through their tears,
"Lord! come and see!" But lo! the mighty heart
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,
Taking, for us, the cup that might not pass—
The heart whose breaking chord upon the cross

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Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid
To look upon his agony—the heart
Of a lost world's Redeemer—overflowed,
Touched by a mourner's sorrow! Jesus wept.

Calmed by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding
Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,
Stood Mary there; but that lost burthen now
Lay on His heart who pitied her; and Christ,
Following slow, and groaning in Himself,
Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,
And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,
"Take ye away the stone!" Then lifted He
His moistened eyes to Heaven, and while the Jews
And the disciples bent their heads in awe,
And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,
The Son of God prayed audibly.
He ceased,
And for a minute's space there was a hush,
As if th' angelic watchers of the world
Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,
To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ
Shone as he stood, and over him there came
Command, as 't were the living face of God,
And, with a loud voice, he cried "Lazarus!
Come forth!" And instantly, bound hand and foot,
And borne by unseen angels from the cave,
He that was dead stood with them. At the word
Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed
The bands from off the foldings of his shroud;
And Mary, with her sad veil thrown aside,
Ran to him swiftly, and cried "Lazarus!

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My brother, Lazarus!" and tore away
The napkin she had bound about his head,
And touched the warm lips with her fearful hand,
And on his neck fell weeping. And while all
Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus
Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down
And worshipped Him who loved them.

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VISIT TO MONT BLANC.

BY REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Mont Blanc is about fifty miles from Geneva, a little south of east. Leaving the hotel des Bergues at Geneva, early in an August morning, we cleared the clatter and dust of the city through the Port de la Rive, and soon found ourselves rolling pleasantly along the most picturesque and romantic scenery of nature. The Voirons, Mont Saléne, and the far stretching range of the Jura summits, were all in view.

On arriving at the Sardinian douane, a few miles from Geneva, our passports were demanded, and a very civil admission was allowed us to those wild and awful regions of the papal dominion. Our eyes were first arrested by the Mole, towering directly in front, nearly six thousand feet. Passing near its base, we wound our way up the

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Arve, high above the valley in which its bright waters flow, till we descended between the bold termini of the mountains, to the plain and village of Bonneville, about fifteen miles from Geneva. This is the ancient capital of the province of Faucigney. Having here done little else, while our horses were resting, than partake of a miserable dinner at an exorbitant price—a calamity which we ascribed to the numerous catholic priests and friars strolling lazily about the streets—we hastened our way to more interesting objects and employments.

The scenery became increasingly grand and imposing as we proceeded. Mountains on either side pushing up their sharp heads into the sky, and sometimes holding their bold and jagged forms perpendicularly over us, together with the wild rush of the streams beneath, and the leaping of cascades above and around us, held us entranced in a perpetual maze of wonder and delight. We were, indeed, mortified to find that we had exhausted our entire stock of superlatives, long before we reached the superlative scene.

Leaving Cluses, a little old town of watch-making note, twenty-five miles from Geneva, we passed through a narrow ravine to the grotto of Balme. This grotto is an opening, by a small mouth, into the side of the mountain, eight hundred feet above the valley, and more than eighteen hundred feet

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deep. Many curious legends and superstitions are connected with this grotto. We did not care to penetrate its gloomy mansions. A short distance beyond gushes forth, from the base of the mountain, a very voluminous spring of pure, sparkling water, supposed to be the embouchure of the channel which empties the lake of Flaine.

Four or five miles further onward, we passed almost directly under the lofty and beautiful cascade of Nant d' Arpenaz. Long before the water reaches its descent, it is completely broken and scattered, presenting to persons beneath, the odd phenomenon of a perpetual thunderstorm, poured out of a clear sky, and having its bosom brilliantly spanned with an hundred floating rainbows.

The fated Sallenches, a small town in the notch of the mountains, thirty-six miles from Geneva, had long been a resting place for Alpine travellers, but was laid in ashes a few weeks before we were there. We accordingly halted at St. Martins, on the hither side of the Arve. While my three companions were leisurely finishing their repast, I silently withdrew, alone, to the bridge, to enjoy my first near view of the loftiest summit of Europe. This bridge across the Arve commands one of the most magnificent views in all Switzerland. In the foreground are the green heights of the Forclaz; next, the Aiguille de Gouté and the Dome de Gouté, lift up their sharp, frosty forms;

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and then, over and above all, rises the glorious Mont Blanc, bearing on his awful crown his stupendous burden of everlasting snow and ice. Although some twelve miles distant, it seemed scarcely one; so vast was the object, and so bold, so distinct, so bright the outline, as it was projected against the deep blue sky. The reader may form some feeble conception of Mont Blanc, as viewed from this point, when reminded that the "snow mantle which envelopes its triple head and circumference, exceeds an altitude of four thousand feet perpendicularly, and nine thousand feet horizontally, from the Dome of Gouté to the summit; and that the height of the snow and ice, estimated from the source of the Arveiron to the summit, cannot be less than twelve thousand feet perpendicularly —nearly three times the height of Snowdon, in North Wales."

At St. Martins we parted with our voiture, and committed ourselves to the conveyances provided by government. A *char-à-banc*—a carriage resembling a rude sofa, moving endwise on wheels —receives two or three persons, and carries them up the narrow passes, at the rate of three or four miles an hour. We chartered two of these, each drawn by two horses in tandem, with postillions mounted. As we approached the mountain vale of Chamouny, the wildness and granduer of the scenery rapidly increased. We walked on foot a

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considerable part of the way, pausing often to gaze on the deep ravines and outspreading vallies beneath us, or on the frowning rocks and projecting cliffs above us; to listen to the roar of leaping streams and cataracts, and the startling thunder of some avalanche of ice. In some places, huge masses of ice, projected from the glaciers above, lay within a few feet of the narrow path over which we passed. The whole way was lined with beggars, dealing in songs, bugle-blasts, echoes, and piteous tales of distress, to move our sympathies and empty our pockets. Wild and desolate as the region is, the traveller, well provided with money, need not suffer the want of life's comforts. The inns are usually massive stone; the beds deep and warm;—and the table is spread with tea and coffee, bread, butter, milk, eggs, pure mountain honey, and frequently chicken, mutton, or a savory ragoûte of chamois. Grapes, crab-apples and plums are also abundant.

We were making a long and arduous ascent towards Chamouny, when I left the horses and company resting behind, and soon found myself alone, on foot, in the most solemn and sublime circumstances imaginable. On each side of me the mountains rose abruptly to an enormous height; at my feet rolled the rapid waters of the Arveiron; and, directly before, seen through an opening vista, the bald, hoary head of Mont Blanc

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towered upward to the very vault of heaven. Where I was, the sun had long since gone down, leaving me in almost pitchy darkness, while his brilliant beams still lingered and played fantastically upon the white pinnacle of the mountain. It seemed like a huge, shining dome, suspended from the upper world. During our stay at Chamouny, the sky was perfectly clear—a favor not often enjoyed. But upon the Grand Summit, while not a speck of cloud appeared elsewhere, a thin, gauze-like veil almost continually hovered, reflecting the delicate tints of vermillion, yellow and amethyst; giving the appearance of some mysterious fairy chamber of the skies, on which nature had hung her richest drapery. I gazed and gazed on the glorious object, forgetful of my way, and almost in doubt whether I was in this world or some other, till the sharp crack of the postillion's whip, and the sound of human voices, broke the enchantment.

It was a winter evening, in August. We gathered our cloaks about us, and sat shivering with the cold, as we were rolled along the valley overhung with mountains of snow and ice, till about nine o'clock, when we entered the romantic little village of Chamouny, and alighted at the Hotel de Londres et d' Angleterre. A brisk, roaring fire, a well-spread table, and numerous happy faces, bade us thrice welcome, and made us, for

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the time, almost forget that we were not in our own domestic homes.

After paying due respects to the landlord's hospitality, we walked out to enjoy an evening view of the scenery. Not a cloud darkened a hand breadth of the sky;—the moon was walking up the zenith in full-orbed lustre, and every star, save those eclipsed by the moon, seemed ambitious to put forth its most brilliant rays. Beneath our feet, and directly around us, Summer had spread her green mantle, and the fields were then waving with ripe harvest;—while within a fourth of a mile from us, lay massive banks of ice and snow, projected from the mountains, which rose on each side to enormous heights. It was strange, indeed, to be walking on the verdant carpets, and through the luxuriant foliage of mid-summer, surrounded with the scenery and enveloped with the atmosphere of mid-winter. When one feels the piercing chills of the night air, and witnesses the wintry aspect of these regions, by moon-light, he is puzzled to conceive how the grass and grain contrive to grow. Far, far up, in the deep, clear, and—as contrasted with the snowy cliffs—*dark* sky, rose the "bald, awful head" of Mont Blanc, looking down on all Europe. There it seemed to sit, silent, calm, majestic, wearing the shining and changeless crown of everlasting winter. It required little effort of imagination to conceive, with

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Coleridge, that it held lordly intercourse with the orbs of heaven, and had power to arrest them in their courses. Indeed, the poet's entire description came fresh to our thoughts, with all the quickening power of perceived and felt reality.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O Chamouny!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly, while *thou* dread mountain form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the sky and black: transpicuous deep
The ebon mass! methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again
It seems thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent form! I gazed on thee
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone,
Yet thou, methinks, wast working on my soul
E'en like some deep enchanting melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it."

The clear morning sky succeeding the evening of our arrival at Chamouny, hastened our excursion to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. This is often performed on mules, but much as we respect these clever animals, we preferred, in mak-

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ing those narrow passes and steep ascents, to trust our *own understandings;* and so we followed our guide on foot. Crossing the Arve, we soon entered a dense forest of pines skirting the base of the mountain, and passed along a narrow shelf of rock, rising nearly perpendicularly over our heads, and descending upon the other side almost as abruptly, into the deep vales beneath. Sometimes our path opened into green flats and clustering pasturage, where was a Swiss cottage, a cow or two, perhaps also a domesticated chamois; women engaged in gathering the short hay, and carrying it down the steeps upon their heads; a bugle-boy to blow us a cheer, and make the mountains echo us a welcome; and a fine little miss, with quick step and eyes sparkling gladness, to bring us out milk and honey. What wonders will money do! It begets attendance, music, smiles, the choicest of nature's provisions, and a thousand thanks and gratulations, even amid those wild and savage solitudes.

Nothing there strikes the traveller more unpleasantly than the appearance of the women. They are considerably beneath the ordinary stature, very masculine and ugly. They also usually have an unnatural enlargement or swelling of the neck, which sometimes projects out as far as the chin, or even farther. Some suppose this is occasioned by the fine granulary substances in the

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water, but we can hardly suppose it is not occasioned, or at least aggravated, by the heavy burdens which they carry on their heads, while straining every muscle to the utmost in climbing up and down the mountains. The manual out-of-door labor is performed mostly by females. This remark applies, generally, to all catholic countries. Let the fair daughters of America see what they are coming to, when the pope shall have gained his purpose.

But to proceed. We scrambled our upward and toilsome way amid rocks, laying hold of the roots of pines and larches, sometimes crossing *crues*—deep channels made by avalanches—often pausing to take breath, and to enjoy a glorious peep into the deep ravines, or to listen to the roar of falling masses of ice, till about mid-day, when we reached the glaciers, and planted our weary feet on Montanvert. This is an elevation of between six and seven thousand feet—about that of the summit of our Mount Washington. Here is a rude pavillion, affording accommodations for warming, refreshing, and lodging.

We here enter upon the Mer de Glace. This is a solid mass of ice, two or three miles broad, extending from the source of the Arveiron up the winding valley of the mountains, some twenty or thirty miles;—and how many hundreds or thousands of feet deep, no mortal knows. It is by far

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the greatest inland body of ice in all Europe. Those who do not choose to enter upon it, should at least visit the source of the Arveiron at its foot. The stream issues from beneath a magnificent canopy of ice. The arch spans from fifty to an hundred feet, and is of immeasurable depth. Visitors sometimes enter it, but the experiment is dangerous; as masses of ice suddenly disengage themselves and fall. Several persons have thus been killed. We did not, of course, enter the arch, but a full impression of the grand and beautiful is realized without. Above you, the translucent canopy of ice, with its brilliant azure gradually softening into deeper shades, and the interminable depths of darkness with the tumult of hidden waters far up the awful, bellowing cavern; beneath you, stupendous piles of enormous rocks, launched from the mountain summits and projected over the glaciers into the bed of the Arve, overlaid and surrounded with heaps on heaps of shivered timber; together with a literal sea of ice, and jagged mountains all white with winter, stretching beyond the limits of vision, on the one side; and forests of waving pines, green meadows, and the gentle flow of their meandering streams, on the other—conspire to awaken the deepest, strongest, most reverential emotions of which the human soul is susceptible. The poet's description is true to the letter.

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"Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flowers
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God!
God! sing the meadow streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft and soul-like sound."

The view from the pavillion, at Montanvert, is exceedingly grand. On the left of the Mer de Glace, rises the Aiguille du Moine; numerous smaller pinnacles, like a forest of Gothic steeples, pierce the clouds between them, brilliantly mantled with snow and ice; all seeming to yield obeisance, lend their sustaining aid to the overtowering Aiguille Verte, which lifts its majestic summit behind them more than thirteen thousand feet. Mont Blanc itself is but two or three thousand feet higher.

Having taken rest and refreshment, at the Pavillion, we embarked upon the sea of ice. The navigation of this strange sea is somewhat peculiar and perilous. The surface is wavy, or undulating, sometimes rising into high elevations and then sinking into deep hollows, at the base of

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which are frequently cracks large enough to receive a man, descending perpendicularly hundreds of feet. In these, men have been lost. A few years since, a distinguished German professor slid into one, and instantly, and for ever, disappeared. The only protection is a pair of steel corks, attached to the boots, and an Alpine-stock, which is a pole, five or six feet long, pointed with iron. By thrusting these firmly into the ice, the foothold is usually made sure; but even these sometimes fail, through the weakness and rottenness of the ice. It is therefore important to keep near the pilot, who has experience in this kind of navigation. At one time my hold failed me. Unable to regain it, I was sliding towards a large opening, when the guide laid hold of me and restored me to my feet. As one passes along, he cannot resist the temptation frequently to stoop down and allay his thirst with the clear blue water that lies in the smooth cavities of the ice.

The Jardin—a little island of green in the midst of the glacier—is reached in about five hours from Montanvert. It exhibits the curious spectacle of a literal garden, with plants and flowers, surrounded with a sea of ice and the deep frowning solitudes of mid-winter. It is a beautiful spot, environed with objects of everpowering sublimity. The Aiguilles of Charmoz, Bletièr, and the Geant, and the enormous glaciers of Tacul, present a

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scene of fearful solitude, and wild horror, probably never surpassed. He who would feel at once the emotions of the beautiful and the grand, in the highest degree, should courageously urge his onward way to this "palace of nature." But unless his flesh and sinews are made of sterner stuff than falls to the writer's lot, this much must suffice, and he will gladly avail himself of what little life remains to retrace his steps to the more appropriate abodes of mortals.

Ascents to the summit of Mont Blanc are seldom attempted. The first attempt was made by M. Coutteran and three guides in 1776, and proved a failure. The same was the fate of all successive attempts, till July, 1786, when Dr. Packard and his guide succeeded to reach the pinnacle. Although it was the middle of summer, the mercury of Farenheit sunk 18 degrees below zero. Their ink congealed in their inkhorns, and their provisions froze in their pockets. The distance in a straight line from Chamouny to the summit is about eight or nine miles, but the circuitous route of the climber is thirty or forty.

The celebrated ascent of Saussure, with his servant and eighteen guides, was performed in August, 1787. They reached the summit on the third day from Chamouny, after encountering almost incredible toils and perils, and thus "achieved an object which had been the sleepless am-

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bition of many years." "His first impulse," says the historian, "was to turn his eyes on Chamouny, where his wife and two sisters were watching his steps with a telescope; and where, at the same instant, he had the satisfaction to see the banner hoisted as the signal, previously agreed upon, that their fears were suspended by discovering his safe arrival on the highest pinnacle of the old world."

Another ascent was made by Dr. E. C. Clark and Capt. Sherwin, in August, 1825;—and some others have been made since. Everybody has heard of the ascent of the famous Maria de Mont Blanc—the first female, and for ought I know the only one, who ever succeeded to reach the pinnacle.

The entire summit of Mont Blanc is the foundation rock—granite—and bears convincing proofs of having been once beneath the ocean. One cannot contemplate that Power by which such an amazing mass was lifted up to the clouds from ocean depths, without almost annihilating convictions of his own impotence and dependence. How easy for that same Power to rend the globe! What a feeble and exposed worm is man.

The next day found us comfortably lodged at Chamouny, where my companions left me, to pursue their way to Italy. A solitary pedestrian, I wandered down the banks of the Arveiron and of the Arve, being for nearly two days buried alone

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amid the Alps. The impressions of those days are better remembered than described. Time cannot erase them.

"Above me were the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around the summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

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THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—DAVID.

THOU bringest violets in thy hand,
Sweet Spring! thy gifts how vain
To soothe us, for those fair blue eyes
That ope no more again.

Thou bringest music of the birds,
And dream'st thou thus to pay
For their melodious words, who sank
From our lone path away?

Thou show'rest breathing roses round,
To blush on beauty's breast,—
Give back, give back those lips of love
That to our own were prest.

Thou sprinklest skies of cloudless sheen
With sunbeams rich and rare,—
Bring back the hearts that once were ours
And made life's journey fair.

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Thou can'st not!—To our grieving souls
Thy boasted spell is o'er,—
From all thy gifts, to those we turn
Which thou can'st ne'er restore.

From all thy charms, to Him we look
Who laid our treasures low,—
They 're in His hand,—they 're on His heart,
And we to them shall go.

Hartford.

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MINIATURES.

DAILY FOOD.

PRAYER has been appropriately called the life of God in the soul. The Holy Scriptures, as appropriately, may be said to be the food that supports life; and he would act more wisely who should abstain from all aliment, and still hope to enjoy life, than one who should refrain from a daily perusal of the Word of God, and expect spiritual life in the soul.

THE FLOWER.

I had in my room a beautiful and delicate flower. Day after day I cherished and cultivated it, watching its growth, till I rejoiced to see it put forth a blossom. One morning, in my hurry, preparing for the day's absence, I neglected to water it. The day was extremely sultry, and breathed its hot breath upon the neglected flower. When I returned I looked upon my little favorite, and found it withered and drooping. I hastened to remedy the error of the morning, but in vain.

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It had been fatal; and no care could arrest the work of destruction. It was scorched and dead. Like this flower is the impulse of the Spirit of Truth in the soul. Its soft whispers must be tenderly cherished, or it will depart and die; and when once it has flown, no tears, no regrets can recall it. The very means which before would have strengthened and succored it, will now but afford proof of its death. "Grieve not the Spirit."

It bids thee wait not till to-morrow
To nerve thy heart for holy strife;
Each younger day should wisdom borrow
From brothers in the race of life.

THE STAR.

I sat by my window at twilight, and saw a brilliant star. As the darkness came down upon the earth its lustre increased more and more, till suddenly a dense cloud came over it, and I saw it not. I looked long where it should have been, and by and by the cloud passed off, and the star seemed brighter than ever. Such is the Christian's hope. At first, indeed, it shines with brilliancy; but as he moves forward in his pilgrimage, the darkness of sin gathers about him, and still triumphing over all, his hope burns the brighter for

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the darkness around. Sometimes Evil completely overshadows him, and the light is obscured, and for a time seems to be entirely extinguished. At length Divine mercy drives away the cloud, and as his hope, star-like, gains the ascendant, it glows like the full blaze of the noon-tide sun, shedding beauty and blessedness about his path.

POETRY AND POETS.

Poetry exists in nature. Whatever is beautiful, grand, sublime or terrible, in the natural, intellectual or moral universe, is poetry; and he who has the greatest power of conceiving these qualities, and possesses the faculty of clothing his conceptions with appropriate language, will be the greatest poet. No one can look upon nature in all her sublimity and beauty with so perfect feeling as he who has been born of the Spirit; and other things being equal, the Christian would be the greatest poet.

EARTH'S PULSES.

I stood one morning, with a beautiful being by my side, upon the summit of Fairmount, gazing upon the magnificent Schuylkill. For a time we were lost in admiration. Suddenly she seized my arm, and in deep earnest cried, "Look! do look!

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See how earth's pulses beat as the waves roll in upon the land!"

THE WATCH LIGHT.

Two lovers were separated; the one was conveyed to an island, the other pined in solitude upon the main land. Night came upon the earth, and the love-prompted hand of the maiden, hung out from a tower a torch light. Far off upon the shore the devoted watched it, and with his eye intent upon it he plunged the waves, and manfully breasted the surge till he reached the opposite strand. With the morning dawn he returned, but again at eve sought the watch light. It was there, and again he swam the flood triumphantly. Another night, and the third time he saw the distant gleaming; but the clouds frowned, the rain beat, the waves roared, and the thunder muttered. Still with a bold heart, and strong arm, he pushed the waters aside, till in the midst of the waste, he withdrew his eye from the blaze, and when he looked again he saw it not! The fierce glare of the lightning terrified him, and bewildered and exhausted he sank into the deep and perished for ever! Like that torch-light is the star of Bethlehem glowing above the battlements of Heaven, and shining far off upon life's waste of waters, steadily and undimmed. Keep that in your eye,

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and it shall guide you safely amid the storms of temptation, the howling blasts of Evil, and at last bring you to the shores of bliss, and encircle you in the arms of the Savior of your soul. Press on! Press on!

Boston.

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HOPE ON.

BY MISS C. E. JENNESS.

Has thy plume been soiled, and clouded thine eye,
While the glancing arrows around thee fly?
Are thy footsteps faint in the strife and fray,
Though the fight is yet in the noon of day?
Warrior, awake! and arouse once more;
Hope on, hope on, until life is o'er.

Is thy heart bowed down with a bitter wo,
Thine anchors lost in the depths below,
No friend by thy side, and no voice of cheer
To give thee strength in the hour of fear?
O Mariner, faint not, a star is on high,
Hope on, hope on, for thy God is nigh.

Are thy nerves unsheathed, O Poet, and worn,
As on thou art urged to a far distant bourne?
Thou hast worlds of glory unseen within,
Though the shadows around are darkened with sin,
And the kingdom of love beyond thee lies,
Hope on, for thy songs are sung for the skies!

Portsmouth, N. H.

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THE BETRAYED.

BY I. F. SHEPARD.

God of the Just and Right!
Thine eye sought out the guilt,
When through the gloomy, creeping night
Hot tears of blood were spilt,
And each half-uttered prayer seemed spurned,
While like a flame thine anger burned.

"HALLOO, coachman! What 's the hour? You promised to have us in at seven, and here we 've been tumbling over the mountains and through the mud, half the night. I say, Whipstick, what time is it?"

"Ten o'clock, sir," said the driver, in a gruff tone, "ten o'clock, and two miles more to drive."

"Well, drive on, then," said the first speaker, "and be quick about it."

The coachman muttered something in so low a tone, I could not understand him, and the passenger let fall an oath or two, and sunk down into his cloak again, closing his eyes, as if in sleep. He was a rough looking fellow, with a pair of whisk-

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ers bristly and luxuriant enough to stuff a cushion, and a black, piercing eye, half concealed beneath his meeting brows. He was, withal, well made, and under more favorable circumstances, with a a little assistance from the toilet, might have been thought handsome.

It was a dark, dismal evening in November. The atmosphere was filled with clouds borne down to the earth, occasionally condensing into rain, but oftener enshrouding everything in a thick mist. All day we had been travelling over the mountains in a stage-coach; and a tiresome, disagreeable business it was. The roads were deluged and gullied by the autumn rains, and the heavy wheels sunk deep in the mire, so that the jaded horses could scarcely keep a faster pace than a walk; and even then they were often unable to extricate the coach from the deep furrows, until the passengers alighted, and put their shoulders to the wheels. A searching east wind added to the disagreeableness of the weather, and cold, wet, and weary as we were, the best of humor did not rule among us.

But for all this I cared less on my own account, than for another. There was one among us, that had attracted my attention and enlisted my sympathies from the moment of our leaving the distant city. She was a young and delicate female, whose countenance told the story of her heart, and let

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you at once into the secret of her soul. She took but little interest in what passed, and more than once I observed her wiping the tears that fell from her long dark lashes, while sigh after sigh would come struggling up for utterance, with a voice that spoke of deep agony of spirit. The whiskered man seemed her protector, and there was ostensible evidence that he should have been so legally. But there was something in his manner towards her, that bespoke him a heartless villain, and from the first, I doubted not that he was crushing to the dust the flower that he had polluted. The conviction came upon me, that he had crept like a serpent, into the little Eden of her home, sung the song of counterfeit love, till he had charmed her with the melody, and when her heart was won, had made her confidence the minister to his own hellish passions, and when her shame could no longer be concealed, had fled with her to the retired country we were approaching, that the fruit of their guilt might be a secret among a strange people.

Unknown as he was to me, I felt my indignation kindle every time my eye met his, and I fancied he cowered beneath my glance, as he would turn away, with a malignant frown. Although I had never spoken with him, I could have caned him with a will, and then have felt the sweet approval of a satisfied conscience.

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Maria, for so he called her, was not over eighteen, of a slender frame, transparent skin, large black eyes, hair of the raven hue that fell in careless profusion over her neck, and a forehead that bore the impress of intellect, and a soul of fine sensibilites. Her hand was small, and the delicate fingers evidenced that her station in life had never compelled her to rely upon them for support. My heart went out toward her, as I gazed upon her, beautiful amidst her tears, and knew her in the agony of repentance for the ruin she had brought upon herself, and I threw the mantle of charity over her frailty, as I thought of the demon who sat beside her.

At length we reached the summit of the mountain, and the blast of the coachman's horn was a signal that we approached our destination. The man in the cloak thrust his head from the window, and said to the driver,

"Remember, the low house upon the right hand, with the poplar trees in front!"

"Ay, ay, sir! you need n't fear but I 'll remember anything to get rid of you!" retorted the man of the whip, and this drew forth another volley of half muttered curses.

"O, George, do n't swear so!" said his victim, "you did n't use to, and pray do n't again!"

He answered only by a sullen silence, and

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again sunk down beneath his cloak. In a few moments the coach drew up before a "low house upon the right hand, with poplar trees in front," and the two alighted. Some moments elapsed in unlading baggage, while an elderly lady came to the door with a light; she appeared to be a stranger to them, and yet acquainted with their plans. They made earnest conversation together, and when the trunks were deposited in the entry, Maria clung to the arm of her betrayer as he turned away, and with an unutterable expression upon her countenance, I heard her plead with him,

"Now, George, do come to-morrow! O do n't forsake me so! My poor heart will break!"

He shook her off roughly, and after some words I could not distinctly hear, he walked hastily away, and mounted the outer box beside the coachman. It was not long before the gleaming of lamps and the sound of many voices announced to us that we were at the hotel, and amid the bustle of the moment I forgot the monster, and when I thought of him again, he had gone, no one knew whither, and I never saw him afterward.

Eight or ten weeks subsequent, returning from a distant journey, I made it in my way to pass again through the village among the mountains. The young girl had never been long at a time from my thoughts; for I have seen, and been the

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dupe of so many wiles of the artful, that I have a brotherly feeling for misfortune, in whatever garb it comes. Among the cherished objects of my morning and evening prayers, I had breathed the name of "Maria," that like the repenting prodigal she might be led to confess her sins to Heaven, and be clothed with the celestial robes of Christ's righteousness.

It was mid-day of a mild week in February, when I reached the hotel. I called for a dinner, aud determined after I had finished the repast, to seek the clergyman of the village, and learn, if possible, more of the truth concerning the guilty appearances. A stillness as of the Sabbath, dwelt around the village. The boys upon the green, or what should have been so in the summer time, were grouped three or four together, talking in subdued voices, and an air of seriousness pervaded even the noisy assemblage of the bar-room. I did not ask the cause of it, for indeed I did not notice it until subsequent occurrences reminded me of the fact. I ate my dinner in silence, and when the church clock tolled one, I took my hat, and walked down the street, to the dwelling pointed out to me as the parsonage. On my way I saw many of the parishioners, fathers, mothers and children, in their Sabbath garbs, and as I entered the pastor's yard, I met him coming from his door. I handed him my card.

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"Glad to meet you, sir," said he, "but I have a funeral to attend at this hour, and must beg you to occupy my study until I return."

"I will accompany you, sir, if agreeable," said I, and he took my arm as we walked on together.

"The saddest duty of my office," said the venerable man, for his head was white with age, "is this errand, at any time; but I have never been called to so melancholy a service as this of today."

"What renders this unusually painful?" I asked.

"It is a short story, sir, and if you care for it, you shall learn it all."

The good old man proceeded, with trembling accents, to tell me what I expected to hear, and as he spoke, many an unchecked tear rolled down his furrowed face. The soul of Maria had taken its flight to eternity, and the mystery that hung over her history had excited the feelings that engendered the universal solemnity. The pastor's narrative was finished in few and simple words.

"She came among us," said he, "one night, in the midst of a cold November storm. Her arrival was the occasion of no little talk among our honest citizens, but no one could tell more, than that she was a passenger in an eastern stage. It was said, indeed, that she was accompanied by a tall, dark whiskered man, in a camlet cloak, but

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as he was never seen afterward, and did not tarry at the only hotel of our village, many consider that doubtful. The widow at whose house she has stopped, keeps a studied silence upon the subject, and we only know that she was a gentle lamb led astray from the fold of God, by some wolf that prowls about in sheep's clothing. God have mercy upon him, and forgive him! She had been a week in our midst when she sent a request for me to visit her. I found her dreadfully miserable, under the awakenings of a guilty conscience, and pointed her to the Lamb of God. She found no peace for weeks, but made me the inmate of her soul, as the child unbosoms itself to the sympathizing father. She told me she was the daughter of a widow lady, who had one other child younger than herself, and that some months before, at a boarding school, she had become acquainted with a man who had, by professions of love, and promises of protection, won her heart, and at length accomplished her ruin. 'I fear,' she would continue, 'he despised me when he found how vile I was, for he never seemed to love me afterwards; and I deserved it all.' To hide her shame, they had fled to this sequestered place, and here he deserted her, and left her among strangers to die. She never revealed his name, or her own, save we learned from her night talking, that he was called George, and she bade us

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call herself Maria. Everything was done to make her comfortable and even happy; but she passed her hours in tears, reading the Bible, and praying to God to take her away, that her name might be blotted out from among men, and that she might not live to be a mother, and look upon the child of her guilt. The crisis was drawing near, and two days since it came. Her suffering had made her too weak to undergo the dreadful hour, and she lived but to look upon her infant, and then with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, she prayed,

"'O my God,—take this bud to Paradise!'

"Then, as if her thoughts again, in the awful hour, were upon the heartless author of her ruin, she faintly whispered,

"'Father, forgive him! He knew not what he did!'

"She spoke no more, but the clammy brow, and the fixed eye told us that she was with us no longer. The infant looked out from heaven only to hie back again to the spiritual world, and you will see, in the same coffin, the bud lie upon the open bosom of the blossom. They withered together, and their fragrance departed in one breath to Heaven."

The patriarch ceased speaking as we stepped upon the threshold, and half-stifled sobs came from the depths of his spirit. He could not have had a deeper sympathy, if the erring mother had

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been his own child. He sat down, and burying his face in his hands, wept aloud. The low house was crowded with the villagers, and there was not a dry eye among them. All had heard the little story, and all had sympathized in it, as this solemn assemblage gave evident token.

The minister of Christ took the Bible, and as he laid open its sacred pages upon the coffin, he read in a clear yet tremulous tone, the transcendantly beautiful and touching passage in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, beginning,

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

I have listened to the voice of sacred eloquence, and seen the vast congregation moved by the power of the pulpit orator, but never have I heard such language as that seemed, under such circumstances. It moved every heart, and when the last words were pronounced, and the mind was carried forward to the "judgment of every secret thing," a pause as of death pervaded the assembly. It was the most powerful sermon it ever fell to my lot to hear; and I doubted not that the prayer which followed would be answered, and that the event would be sanctified to many hearts.

Then came the ceremony of looking upon the face of the dead. Two and two we moved about

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the head of the corpse, looked in upon it, and passed on. There was the beautiful Maria, in the long sleep of death, with an eternal frost upon those soul-speaking eyes. And the thick locks were parted upon the cold brow, while upon her bosom, as if loving in death, nestled the tiny form of the unnamed child. It was a sight for an angel to weep at, and a tear-drop stood upon the snowy cheek of the mother, as if some seraph had looked down from heaven and left it there.

The long procession moved after the bearers, as the bell tolled out its muffled peals, and in a few brief moments the crowd had gone, "dust was given to dust," and Maria was left

> "Amid the chills and damps
> Of the vast plain where Death encamps."

That afternoon I sought out a statuary, paid him the price of his labor, and directed a simple stone to be erected at the grave; and it stands now, amid the sunshine and the storm, showing to the observer who stops to note it, the simple inscription, "*Maria the Betrayed.*"

* * * * *

Some years afterwards, I was on board a steamer, and just at sundown I stepped upon deck to enjoy the springing breeze. It was a fine evening in September. I seated myself on a scroll upon

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the upper deck, and watched the changing beauties of the west as the sun died away. At length I was startled by a deep sigh, and looking up, I saw it came from an elderly lady who sat near me. There was something that attracted me in the expression of her countenance, and left an indistinct impression with me, that she was not altogether a stranger. I gazed the more earnestly, and looking suddenly towards me, she observed my searching glance. Just then I saw she held in her hand a little locket, that enclosed a miniature. To relieve the embarrassment I spoke.

"Pardon the intrusion, madam, but I think we must have met before."

She answered with a melancholy smile,

"Possibly, sir; though I think not, for I am not apt to forget features, and yours are strange to me."

"I know not why, but you seem as one I have looked much upon," I replied, "and yet your tones of voice are new."

"I fear if you had known me once, you would scarce recognize me now, for grief has made rough work with me, of late. I was just looking at the miniature of one who was once my idol, and the rolling ocean wakes up anew the tide of sorrow that I felt when she was torn from my heart. This is all that remains to me of my darling child!"

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She handed me the picture, and gave vent to her heart in many tears. I looked upon it, and I saw, at once, what had led me to think her features familiar. I held in my hand the miniature of Maria, and it was her mother with whom I conversed! I turned pale with emotion. I almost fainted, till remembering her allusion to the ocean, it occurred to me that she was deceived in the manner of her death. I ventured to ask concerning the loss of her daughter, and as if reluctant to communicate her solemn feelings to a stranger, she simply replied,

"The soul loves to keep its bitter fountains sealed, sir. Maria was unfortunately, without my knowledge, led into marriage with a man who loved her, but who violated the path of right, in inducing her to leave her school clandestinely, and enter into that holy covenant with him. He took her to a distant city, and while on their way, she was lost overboard, and perished in the waves. George kindly wrote me, the moment his own broken heart would admit, and sued for forgiveness it was not in my heart to refuse. But, sir, my daughter was lost,—*lost!*"

I turned away, to hide my own tears, ashamed that I was a man! And yet in the midst of my abhorrence of the reprobate hypocrisy of the heartless villain, who could plan such deep desolation, and shield himself from its deserved infa-

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my by falsehood, I felt glad that where knowledge could do no good, the stricken widow was living in the delusion that her daughter had left the world clothed in the garb of virtue and purity.

The mother, probably, still resides in the cottage where Maria played in guileless infancy; for after allowing for the embellishment of the recital, the reader may rest assured that

"Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale."

Boston.

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THE LAST LOOK.

BY HENRY S. WASHBURN.

YES! maiden take that look, *the last*,
And let thy tear drops freely flow!
The halcyon moments as they passed,
Were but the prelude to thy wo.

Thou did'st not deem, when hope was bright,
And joy lit up that manly brow,
That, in the strength of manhood's might,
He could be laid so low as now.

The cheek hath lost its crimson bloom,
The eye that brightly shone is dim;
Yet think not, maiden, that the tomb
Will take the all,—ay, aught of him.

He lives!—yet not as thou dost live,
Enslaved by sin, oppressed with strife,
Earth may not such fruition give,—
Unchanging bliss, eternal life!

Then take that look; the silent tear
Speaks best the language of the heart,
And from the dust that slumbers here,
In trust, unshaken trust, depart.

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THE NOONDAY REST.

BY THOMAS GRAY, JR.

Rest from thy labor!—rest
  Beneath the whispering tree,
And gather strength to thy toil-spent breast,
  For the weary hours to be.

No gilded halls on high,
  With pillared arches frown;
Thine is the broad, blue, beaming sky,
  As it bends in silence down.

No trembling music floats
  From harp or clarion now;
But the wild bird pours her sweeter notes
  Above thy weary brow.

Around is the summer breeze,
  And thy busy children's love,
And the wind-like tones of the whispering trees,
  With the solemn heaven above.

Rest from thy labor now,
  Ere yet thy work be done;
Nor let thy fainting spirit bow
  Before the setting sun.

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A deeper rest ere long,
Unbroke by yearning love,
Shall bid thy weary soul "Be strong"
In the world of peace above.

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SABBATHS AT HOME.

BY REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

In the number of those who are necessarily absent from public worship, the most of us sometimes find ourselves in our turn.

When we have been sick, and are so far recovered that fear of premature exposure only keeps us within doors, there is something pleasant in a Sabbath at home. In a comfortable measure of health and strength, we sit down, upon the Sabbath morning, in the house left quietly to ourselves by the last member of the family who has gone to worship, and listen to the tolling bells as one after another they cease, till at last only one of them continues, for a few moments, its solitary sound. The thoughts then go to the house of God. The assembly has risen for prayer. The voice of the minister breaks the silence, and leads the worshipping assembly before God. The Bible lies open, and the people listen. "Assembled men to the deep organ join;" and when the fancy can no longer accurately calculate the particular employment of the congregation, it returns and folds its wings in quiet revery.

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They who love the Sabbath and public worship, and are thus left at home, cannot spend such moments in light reading or behavior. No season can be more full of the very spirit of devotion than this, when thousands of worshippers are standing before God, and all nature seems to whisper, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." A devout mind will be, instinctively, in a spirit of prayer; or if prayer, as the poet says, "is not," it is because that "in enjoyment it expires."

Nothing gives us a deeper feeling of solitude than to think of great numbers engaged in some particular object or employment while we are absent from them. If that employment be religious worship, there is added to our feeling of solitude an impression of the greatness of God, the Object of worship with the assembled multitudes who have left us behind. Such impressions will ordinarily awaken devotional feelings and lead us to express them in prayer. This was the effect of some such a season as I now describe, on King David. He had fled from the rebellion of Absalom. In thinking of the house of God, which was the most interesting object to his thoughts in his banishment, he said, "When I remember these things, *I pour out my soul in me*, for I had gone," that is, either, I used to go, or, my thoughts had gone, "with the multitude, I went with them to the

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house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holy day."

If we notice our thoughts at such times, perhaps we shall find that we seldom have such impressions of the omnipresence of God, as then. We think of the congregations who are at that moment in prayer—how many voices are invoking the ear of God, together, and God is listening to each and all of them. His way is not only in the sanctuary—his way is in the sea, with every company of seamen, from whose floating temple the voice of prayer and praise ascends. In every island and throughout every continent, even where two or three are gathered together, God bends his ear. The interest which the Sabbath awakens is probably not confined to this world. It must be a most interesting day in heaven. Can the Savior notice without emotion the return of that day when he came to life, after his crucifixion, and looked again upon the earth which had been the scene of his eventful history? The angelic witnesses of his resurrection, no doubt, share with him in his feelings at the return of the Sabbath, and also the myriads of the redeemed, who are waiting for the redemption of their bodies, of which the resurrection of Christ is the pledge. We may suppose that there are peculiar acts of worship, of joy and praise, in heaven, at the return of the Sabbath, and especially as it is the time when the heralds of the

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Cross on earth go forth unitedly against the kingdom of Satan, and to build up the kingdom of Christ. God is attentive to all those scenes of celestial worship. Yet, while He is thus engaged, in heaven and on earth, if we bend the knee in a secret place, God will be with us, as though we were the only objects of His regard.

It is a pleasant thought to a religious mind, that God will come to the dwelling and to the soul of one who fears Him, at the moment when unnumbered hearts and voices are employed in his worship. It makes the Christian feel that God does not overlook him in the multitudes of creation; it affords him a ground of confidence with respect to future scenes in which he will specially need an assurance that God thinks of him. What shall we do at the resurrection without an assurance that God thinks of each of us, and will take care of us in that wild confusion, in that promiscuous rushing to and fro of angels, and devils, and sinners, and of elements on fire? The season of solitary prayer on the Sabbath, and an experience of God's presence here, prepare the mind for those scenes,

"When consternation turns the good man pale."

If we are sick with an infirmity or disease which makes it doubtful whether we shall ever visit the house of God, or if our thoughts are cast

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down by reason of discouragement respecting our sickness, the season of meditation to which I now refer, when others have gone to the house of God, and we are left at home, is peculiarly affecting. It recalls the hours we have spent in the house of God, the instructions we have heard, and the various impressions made upon our minds. Our thoughts go forth to the time when probation will have come to an end. It seems to us, if we could go to the house of God again, we would worship Him with more sincerity, and profit more by our instructions. The time is coming to each of us, if a season of illness precedes our removal from this world, when our thoughts will go with the multitude, with them that keep holy day; but the places which knew us then will know us no more. Our seat in the house of God, the pulpit, the minister's look, and voice, and appearance, the songs of praise, the sight of the great congregation, our impressions under the preaching of the Gospel, will be found deeply engraven on our memories. It will be happy for us if we can then look back on Sabbaths and the privileges of the sanctuary well improved. There are many things of which we hardly know the value till we are deprived of them. The privilege of public worship is of that number. Of all the pleasures of which the human mind is capable, give me a repetition of those which have delighted and refreshed me un-

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der the ministrations of good and able men, mighty in the Scriptures, and men of prayer. Other men and other scenes may excite me for a season, with an intense interest, but it is not of that kind which satisfies the soul. When the evil days come, and a solitary chamber confines us at home, the privilege of meeting with a religious assembly will seem to us very precious. If, while in health and strength, we improve these opportunities, the sorrow of privation will be abated, and God, who sent the ravens to Elijah, at his desert brook, when the streams of Israel were dry, will remember us in our lonely places.

It is becoming fashionable in cities, in this country, to attend public worship only in the morning of the Sabbath, and to spend the afternoon of that day in pleasure. It is true that two services on the Sabbath are not commanded in the Bible, and there is no sacredness about that number. The arrangement grows out of the division of the day in our latitude, and the comparative absence of luxurious habits with regard to the time of our meals. In some other latitudes, one service only could be conveniently attended. But we divide the Sabbath in this land as we generally do each day. Do we despise the afternoon for purposes of business or pleasure? Why should we not honor the day which God calls His own, equally with those which He allows us for our pleasure and worldly

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profit? We ought to remember how jealous God is for the sanctity of His Sabbath. The final reason for the captivity of the Jews was, they profaned the Sabbath, and God said that He would turn them out of the land, and the land should enjoy her Sabbaths. That man cannot finally prosper and be happy, who profanes or misemploys the Lord's day. Wasted Sabbaths are fearful apparitions to a dying man, and will harrow him with

"Thoughts which wander through eternity."

We seldom attend the funeral of one who has been a constant worshipper in the house of God, that dies impenitent. No one will suppose that there is anything in such a manner meritorious in a religious habit that it can take the place of faith and repentance; but the habit is a means which, in the first place, has an obvious connection with the end and design of public worship, which is, to bless and save the soul. And, again, God honors His institution, and blesses them who do the same. As an ordinary thing, who are subjects of converting mercy? The wanderers on the Sabbath, and those who divide the day with God, and rob their Maker of a part of that

"Which, when He made the world, Jehovah bless'd?"

If we wish to receive spiritual benefit from the house of the Lord, we must be *planted* in the

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courts of our God. And when we can no longer join with the people of God in their worship, the Master of assemblies will be Himself our temple.

We cannot think of heaven as a solitary state. Our social dispositions, our enjoyment of social pleasures here, forbid it. Of all the social enjoyments in heaven, we cannot conceive of any equal to the privilege of being in the multitude which no man can number, engaged in the worship of God. We shall see God face to face. We cannot utter ascriptions of praise and expressions of love equal to our feelings. It will be a relief to hear the anthems of ten thousand times ten thousand angels, while the pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at their joy. They will speak out our emotions for us, though they cannot utter all that we shall feel. We shall see Christ, our Savior; but who shall express the unutterable emotions of our love and gratitude to Him? We shall call for the mighty spirits of the redeemed to teach us how to praise Him in worthier strains. Let Isaiah sing; "He was wounded for our transgressions." Let David cry; "Whom have I in heaven but Thee!" Let Job exult; "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Let Jeremiah mingle his sweet complaint; "Come and see if there is any sorrow like unto His sorrow." Let John (he stood by the cross) stand near the throne, his face beaming with inexpressible love; while Paul is followed in

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his ascriptions by each of the redeemed, saying, "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

It has been already observed, that it is a solitary feeling which is awakened by being left alone, and thinking of a great assembly from which we are shut out. A great assembly is now gathering. They come from the east, and the west, and from the north, and from the south, and are sitting down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Some of our dearest relations and friends are there, with whom we once took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. Soon the assembly will be complete; and the door will be shut. Where then shall we be? What if we are left out, and spend eternity thinking of that multitude, our friends amongst them, and hear the distant noise of their music, like the sound of many waters, and the voice of harpers harping upon their harps! We have sometimes been disappointed in our hopes of being present on some great and interesting occasion, and have been left behind. The feeling at such a disappointment is most painful. We have seen members of a travelling party reach the starting place too late, while their friends in their sight depart from them. We know what we are capable of suffering at such disappointments. Christ seems to have had in mind the susceptibility of our hearts to such suffering, when he said, "There shall be weeping,

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and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out."

Some were in the house of God last Sabbath for the last time, and knew it not. Our last Sabbath there will come and go silently, without warning us of it, and our returning footsteps will never tread the threshold of God's house any more. Are we now enjoying the favor of freedom from illness, and the hallowed stillness of a Sabbath at home? Let the sacred moments witness our devotion. If we go to the house of God again, we will endeavor to profit more by its ordinances; and, at last, when those ordinances with us cease, we shall look upward with hope to nobler worship in heaven. Then, when the eternal Sabbath dawns upon the gathered company of the redeemed, and the day of judgment has passed away, and the inhabitants of a whole planet are separated to their unchangeable states, we shall not think of a holy and happy universe afar off, and of circles of glorified friends employed in mutual love and social worship, without us, but shall reap the fruits of well-spent Sabbaths, and of a life sanctified by the word and ordinances of God. Our Sabbaths at home test our feelings towards God. Our Sabbaths on earth foretell our destiny beyond the grave.

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THE DAUGHTER OF THE ISLES.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

LUCY GOODALE THURSTON, daughter of Rev. Asa and Mrs. Lucy Thurston, (Missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, where she was born,) arrived at New-York, on a visit to the land of her fathers, and immediately after, sickened and died, at the age of 17 years and 10 months, leaving a sure and sweet hope of acceptance through the Redeemer.

The biographer of this interesting girl remarks, "Hers was a peaceful home. Affection made it happy, and regular and varied occupations added zest to its enjoyments. When with her mother and sister, she walked along the shores of the broad Pacific, and listened to tales of her Father-land, and of a Christian land, her heart never sighed for the far off region she had brightly pictured in her imagination; and she returned with a contented spirit to her quiet home at Kai-lu-a."

FAIR daughter of the sunny isles,
That sit like sovereigns on the sea,
How shall I weave a song of smiles
For her who never smiled on me?
Or how of graces may I speak,
That never yet have blest mine eyes;
The dewy lip, the virgin cheek
Of one that 's passed beyond the skies?

I know that Fancy's pearls may shine
On Beauty, and like pearls be cold;
That Flattery's flowers round Wit may twine,
And die on bosoms they enfold;

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And well I know the exalted Mind
That late informed thy perfect clay,
Would not with Love or Wit be shrined,
Nor be adored in servile lay.

I know that Death invests the friend
With worth, Existence never knew;
And to defects we love to lend
The veil that gives them Virtue's hue;
But thou need'st not our glimmering light
To shine on thy regretted tomb;
Nor flowers of verse—whose path was bright,
Whose life was one bouquet of bloom.

And thou, beyond as well the songs
As wailings of a world like this,
Art mingling with the sister throngs
That early fled away to bliss;
As far removed from paltry praise,
Which vainly would thy notice win,
As from material wants and ways—
As thy pure spirit is from sin!

I love to think thy tender age
Was wed to Nature's wondrous book;
And that thou didst upon its page
Of flowers and shells and planets look;
And yet from flower and star and sea,
A very child—didst turn away
To seek the glances dear to thee,
In thine own quiet Kai-lu-a.

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I love to think how free thou wast
From Fashion's lore that taints our kind;
That still is purchased at the cost
Of kingdoms—a transparent mind!
And sigh to think earth has so few,
—Such price is for refinement paid—
As thou, to simple Nature true,
A guileless and a trusting maid.

I sigh for her who nobly brought
Such wealth from Hon-o-lu-lu's strand;
And him, who sending, meekly thought
With such to bless its Father-land.
And yet 't is well, this tropic gem
All polished—though to these unknown—
So early shines, a diadem,
Where shines the rainbow-cinctured throne.

Thanks for the record of thy worth,
Traced by affection's modest pen;
Tears gave I to its earnest truth,
Though counted not with weeping men;
And better thought I of my race,
Redeemed by excellence so rare;
And richer seemed abounding Grace
That sought and dowered such lovely heir.

With books that may not perish, be
These pages numbered;—youth shall know
How to perfection's symmetry
The daughter of the Lord may grow;

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And here, as mirrored in a glass,
May see how fair the saint may shine,
Who lets this world unheeded pass,
And surely seeks a world divine.

Farewell! I weep that flower so young
The nursling of a gentle sky,
Should on our shores be coldly flung,
In all its loveliness to die.
And yet 't was ordered by His will,
Who wisely hath events decreed—
Thou wast but lent;—ye griefs be still!
He but recalled when He had need.

Boston.

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THE LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

BY REV. THOMAS M. CLARK.

"What though they woke, the whirlwinds of the West,
Or roused the tempest from his Eastern lair,
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast,—
Lord of the awful waters, Thou wert there!
If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!
If their feet failed them, in Thy paths they trod;
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm away from God!"

Of the time and the manner of their death, who embarked in the ill-fated President for the English strand, and were landed instead upon the shores of eternity, we know nothing. Whether the ice-mountains gathered around that ship and crushed her in their gigantic embrace—or whether the towering wave poured its vast volume down upon the deck, and so, in a moment's time, all she carried sank together "like lead in the mighty waters"—or whether the fire sheet wrapped itself around the inflammable mass, none has escaped alive to tell us. This only we know, that there has been "sorrow on the sea," such anguish, such deep, concentrated, despairing agony, as makes the blood curdle, and the flesh quiver, to

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imagine even in a dream. In the marble halls of the noble, and around the hearth-stone of the cottager, there are yet shed scalding tears over the mysterious doom of the gallant ship; the last vestige of hope, that hope which was so slow to believe the awful truth, has long since fled; and it is felt at last, that the pride of this princely house, and the stay and support of that humbler household, have gone down together into the dark caverns of the deep, with only the howling winds for a requiem, and the white foam for a shroud.

What room is given for the workings of a busy fancy in view of the dark fatality which arrested this band of travellers on the highway of the ocean!

Was it by some sudden blow that the warm current of life was stayed, and were they, without a moment's warning, hurried into eternity? Perhaps the boy was just dreaming, in his cot, how his voyage at last was over, and a mother's arms were once more about his neck, and a mother's tears of joy falling fast upon his cheek,—perhaps his brother's merry shout of welcome was just ringing in his ear, and while the old familiar home, with all its rich associations, is filling his soul with an *excess of gladness*—the crash of the iceberg breaks the blessed vision, the chill water reaches his couch, and he wakes to feel it gurgling in his throat, and to find himself fast sinking

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down, down into those depths, which shall give up the dead only at the judgment.

Or, was the suffering of the doomed company protracted through days and weeks, while the wrecked hulk lay idly floating on the broad waste? What scenes must have been witnessed on her shattered decks! There stands a man, who is a husband and a father, and he is thinking with what anxious hearts the beloved ones at home await his coming; he sees them, as in a sharp-lined picture, bending forward, with hushed expectation, to listen if the carriage wheels, rumbling on the pavements, will not tarry before their door; and, as those wheels roll by, he imagines how that little group are returning to the wonted employments of the day, with drooping heads and tearful eyes, weighed down with that oppressive sickness of heart which follows "hope deferred." And when hope has given place to despair, he hears, with terrible distinctness, the plaintive wails of the widowed mother and her elder children, mingling with the feeble sobs of that little one, too young to know its loss, but who weeps from sympathy. Perhaps there is added to all this the stinging thought of a bitter poverty impending over their heads, whom "once he would not suffer the winds of heaven to visit too roughly;" he anticipates for them long years of pinching want; he sees his children growing up unedu-

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cated, put to early toil, exposed to contamination, sowing seeds of vice, and reaping a harvest of misery; losing all memory of their departed parent, and dying at last inglorious and unlamented.

Perhaps there are those on this wreck, who have lived "without God in the world," and now they are on the verge of a world where God *must be met*, and his strict questioning be answered. The hour has come when they feel that they must pray, and they know not how to pray. They have but vague notions of Him who is our Intercessor and our Redeemer, and hardly faith enough in what they know of Him to ask His aid; and, alas! there is help in no other. O, sad is their estate, who have laid up all their treasure in this world's storehouses! Alas for them, whether they die in the storm, with the thunder booming over them, and the mad waves yawning beneath, or in a quiet bed, pillowed in luxury, and lulled to rest by the voice of kind affection.

However harrowing to our feelings the retrospect may be, it is our duty not to pass hastily by those solemn providences, which at little intervals startle the public ear. If, indeed, we regard these calamities as mere *fortuitous accidents*, *melancholy chances*, with which God has nothing to do; if we say, they happened in accordance with uniform laws of nature, the Almighty had neither oversight nor interest in their occurrence, then the

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only lesson to be learned from the sad event, is to provide more carefully against its repetition.

But there is no chance; "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." And to say, that, because there is no interference with natural laws in these awful calamities, therefore the hand of God is not to be seen in them, is to say a foolish thing. It is true, that, except in very extraordinary cases, God conducts the affairs of the world by the rules of a uniform and consistent plan; we know that the fire burns, and the waves ebb and flow, and the earthquake heaves, and the imprisoned gases explode, in regular accordance with the laws of cause and effect, but is it therefore any the less God's hand that we see guiding the motions of nature? any the less his voice that we hear in the thunder? any the less his finger that traces the red lightning on the sky?

As men are getting a deeper insight into the mysteries of nature, and better able to show the direct connection between secondary agencies and their results, they seem desirous of removing the Almighty from the superintendence of this world which He has made; they would fain have us believe that He just put together this wonderful and complicate machine, and then left it to act by the inherent power of its own wheels and springs, till these wheels and springs shall wear out, and the motion cease. And some dare to tell us, that

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when our knowledge shall be more complete, we may so bind up and subject the elements, that calamities and pestilence and sicknesses shall be banished from the earth, and every creature, at a protracted age, without pain, shall sink into the arms of death, gently as the infant lies down to slumber.

Now none can doubt that in proportion as we become wiser *and better*, we may approximate to such a state; but can man ever hope, by his own arm, and through the aid of an increased knowledge, to free this world from the curse which is upon it, as a fallen world? O, just in the height of our boasting, when mechanical science has reached the summit of improvement, and man is ready to declare his freedom from the superintending providence of God, one breath of His nostrils may change the whole face of nature, and there be a new heaven and a new earth, in which all that is past shall be remembered no more.

There is a growing spirit of atheism, which refuses to see, in the calamities of the times, the presence and the warning of an offended God, against which we do well to guard. We acknowledge, indeed, that in these disasters we may often trace the instrumentality of human weakness and folly and wickedness. We know that it is not with the voice of a miracle that the sad events in question speak to us; but, still, behind all secon-

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dary agencies, we see revealed "the mighty power of God," a power deranging in an instant all our choicest plans, and unhinging forever all our most subtle contrivances.

And what is the lesson which these demonstrations of an Almighty providence, as seen in our afflictions, are meant to teach? The lesson of humility, the conviction of our dependence.

How does uninterrupted good fortune affect the character? The prospered man finds that there is scarcely a luxury which his wealth may not buy, scarcely an evil which it may not avert. As his coffers fill, his power extends; his fellows bow lower and lower as he passes; titles of respect and honor are showered profusely upon his head; he finds that credit is given him for talents and acquirements of which he never dreamed before; and what wonder if he begin to tread the earth with a prouder step, and to speak with more authority? He almost ventures to cherish the feeling, that GOD looks with superior respect upon him, and is nearly ready to leave him to himself. He is thus suffered to reach the acme of human pride, when God, in mercy to his soul, takes off, one by one, his gaudy trappings, rolls back the tide of fortune, till at last, humbled under the mighty power of God, brought to feel his dependence, he falls upon his knees with the lowly prayer upon his lips, "Give me this day my daily

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bread;" and he then becomes an heir of incorruptible and substantial riches, riches which never make their possessor proud.

The same lesson is taught by God's dealings with the man, who, endowed with a noble intellect, and having at command every facility for its cultivation, is beginning to feel as though he were independent of his Maker, and superior to His teaching and revelation. In any exigency, he imagines that he can fall back upon his resources; he dares to say, there are no tortures in this or any other world, which his powers of endurance may not brave; he ventures to question any truth, to carry his bold speculations into any and every quarter of the universe. It is time for a higher hand to interfere. There may be detected the slightest pressure upon the delicate nerves through which sensation is communicated; the blood bears a trifle heavier upon the brain; there is the least discernible derangement of the functions of nature,—and this proud, self-relying child of clay is a moping idiot, going about, clutching at moonbeams, and playing with straws. When he wakes from this insanity, will he not feel that he is called upon to "humble himself under the mighty hand of God?"

Here is a man who has never felt the pains and debility of disease; the blood courses blithely through his veins, the heart beats steadily, the

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limbs are firm and vigorous, the head clear, and the hand strong. He has grown to be proud of his mere animal vigor, his indomitable energy, his imposing presence. He speaks like one born to command, and feels, as he walks, "as though his head were striking against the stars." He can roll forth his oath with ponderous tone, he can laugh at death, and jest merrily over the tombstone. But that hour comes, which earlier or later comes to all,—the hour of trial; the unfathomed wave is beneath him, and the unquenchable fire around him, and there is no way of escape. Whose voice is it, that is now uttering itself in those feeble, tremulous, despairing tones? Whose person is it that shrinks and cowers like a crushed worm, before the impending doom? The very child of ten years old bears up against the agonies of the hour, with more of manliness than he—we would rather say, with more of Christian endurance. It was a vain boast, which that man used to make; it was an untried courage of which he vaunted himself. He knows it now, for he is "humbled under the mighty hand of God."

And let us not think that this feeling of dependence is likely to rob us of a proper self-reliance, and to deaden personal exertion. Christian humility only puts the creature into his *true position*, not below it. Is not the appreciation of our true position essential to the conducting of

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our business, whatever it may be, to a successful issue? Is not that man more certain to work out the great problem of human existence to advantage—a problem which supposes the overcoming of all evil, and the attainment of all good—who takes the place for which God designed and fitted him? When I feel my weakness, then am I strong.

It is a rough and perilous pilgrimage that we are called to travel; let us beware how we attempt to walk alone.

"A voice more mighty than the flood, will sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud."

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THE MOTHER'S GIFT TO MISSIONS.

BY MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

"O! HAD I mines of treasure,
How would I pour them forth,
To send the messengers of truth
To bless the waiting earth!
How can the heathen woman,
Her hopeless lot endure?
O would that I had power to help—
But I am weak and poor!"

Thus thought a kindly mother,
While, bowed in love and awe,
She heard the fervent preacher's voice
Enforce the Savior's law—
"Go ye to every nation,
And teach the Gospel lore;
My spirit, while the world endures,
Is with you evermore!"

She felt, that meek-eyed mother,
How sweet the Christian's trust;
As flowers, from Winter's icy shroud,
Beneath the warm Spring burst,

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So from the blight of sorrow,
Of winter-like despair,
Her heart to faith's warm light had turned,
And bloomed with love and prayer.

But now her soul was saddened—
No mite had she to give,
Her feeble efforts scarce can win
The scanty means to live;
The widow's lot, like killing frost,
Her world a desert made—
And all had perished, save *one flower*,
All, save *one hope*, decayed.

She wept, that pale young mother,
In humble grief she wept,
While pillowed on her heaving breast,
In peace her fair child slept,—
She wept to think the Savior's love
Heaven's grace for her had won,
And she no gift his cause to aid—
"O, mother, give thy son!"

Thus, in her soul's deep chambers
The Spirit's voice was heard,
And though before her shrinking sense
The thorns, the cross appeared,—
The parting and the dangers,
Fears, doubts and dread combine,—
She pressed him to her throbbing heart—
"Yes, Lord, he shall be thine!"

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O, when the Books are opened,
And deeds and motives known,—
And honor to the holiest,
Before the world is shown,
How far above the queens of earth,
The rich, the proud above,
Will stand that lowly mother's name,
Joined with her gift of love!

Philadelphia.

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AN INDIAN-SUMMER WALK.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

It is a soft Indian-Summer afternoon. A rich and mellow glory hangs over us in the heavens, flushing the whole atmosphere with mingled tints of oriflame, purple and silver. Stillness is abroad in the airy world. I perceive it by the slow sailing down of the faded leaves that pass my window, from the dismantled vine that lately hung the house from its eaves to the ground, with a wavy curtain of living green. There they go, like weary birds, wandering and descending, to gather, if they can, about the root that sustained them; as if they would ask why it now withdrew their wonted nourishment; and in their turn to nourish it, by giving their elements to the soil wherein it is imbedded. For this grateful act shall they be remoulded, and re-produced, to shine, high, and fresh, and fair, in the breath and sun of another spring. O, Nature, how divinely beautiful is thine economy, under order of thy God!

But this hour is too golden and precious to be spent in an upper-room, or with the compact

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walls of town-streets. The spirit and the body say to each other, "We want more breathing-space, and freer range." So I will descend and go forth.

Already has the cold-footed Autumn, clothed in his nocturnal frost, been treading down the tender beauties with which earth had adorned herself in her joyous summer-time.

I pass the garden: all there looks humbled and serious. It has put off its coat of many colors, and assumed one of sackcloth. A few fall-flowers are standing, not vain and flaunting, but pensive and staid; as they look on the ruins around, and are warned of a dark hour to come, when the icy chill shall seize their veins, and their heads be pale and bowed.

There hangs a cluster of half-grown grapes, green, nipped, and shrivelled. They were not put forth betimes, and now, shall never ripen—never be sweet to the owner of the vineyard. They are more to be rejected than wild grapes. Sad emblem! Let every branch of the true and living Vine lay that cluster to heart, and be cautioned against delay!

But the sky is fair and glorious; looking as if it had made an extract from earth of the loveliest hues of her departed flowers; and were shadowing them forth in a bright promise of restoration, when she shall be fitted to receive them. And

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they are there, in that sun and sky; and thence shall she regain them! Therefore, Earth, wait patiently, and trust. Let thy bosom be preparing within for the timely blessing; and look steadfastly above till it descends.

Yet with all this upper brightness a cast of sadness seems mingled, to the eye that beholds it from among these faded things below. Such, methinks, is the hue of melancholy thrown over the splendor of a palace—the shade of gloom that solemnly walks the halls, and settles on the grandeur and richness of their furniture, when the monarch within has just ceased to breathe. His regalia—all his imposing array was laid aside when pain brought him to his pillow; yet a few brilliants remained upon his person, on his heaving breast and stiffening fingers, when death took him by the hand, regardless of its ornaments; and piercing to his vitals, regarded not the diamond that sparkled on his bosom. Sadly now do they shine on the pale clay, as in mockery of the spark that has gone out, and left its ashes beneath that gilded ceiling and silken drapery. Royalty, where, in such a moment, are thine excellency and thy power?

By the walk of a few minutes, I have escaped from the heart of the town, into its more open and airy part—that of a few more will bring me

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to its outskirts, and introduce me among the scenes of rural life.

Here, on the one hand, is a newly-erected building which the architect has just finished, and left closed, to await its owner's coming. All around it is silent and motionless. A little solitary dove, that has seated herself on the threshold, is its only occupant. There she sits, with her back against the door, and her white bosom fair to the street, eyeing the passengers, and looking like the genius of the premises. And will not the dove be the keeper of that man's door? His spiritual house is built upon a Rock.

Upon a rising ground, on the other hand, is a range of stately mansions, just wide enough apart to sustain a becoming grandeur, and near enough together to preserve a social, kindly appearance. The row of high old elms before them, that a short time since, stood in the pride and shady majesty of full dress, now show their bald heads, like pencil, against the sky, while their naked arms and slender fingers hang languidly down, pointing where the summer honors fell. Another emblem!

A little onward by the way-side, are some stalks of wild asters, white and purple, struggling to keep their delicate heads above a drift of dry leaves

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that the wind has swept nearly over them, as the upright and pure in heart struggle against earthly afflictions. Shine out, little stars! Ye pretty constellations! You are beautiful amidst these withered, faded things, as your prototypes will be to-night, in the heaven above you, when its present glory has departed. Who shall say that his way is so dreary as not to be blessed with some bright sprinklings?

Perhaps yon way-worn traveller can answer the question. He approaches with a hard-used hand extended from a tattered sleeve, asking the wherewith to purchase another night's pillow for the head whose matted locks hang under that tarpaulin. It is a shipwrecked mariner from a distant seaboard, making his way home to his widowed mother, one more day's journey off. The only treasure he could rescue from the wreck is in the little bundle under his arm, that comprises all his worldly goods. It is the Bible his mother gave him in his childhood, when, laying her hand upon his head, she blessed him, and told him it was the key of heaven. He bound it on his bosom when he escaped with his life; and now is he going to tell its giver the use he has made of it. But will she know her long-lost sailor-boy—the only one, of three, that the billows have not buried? Will she see the baby brow of the fair infant whom

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she once held at the sacred font, in that sun-burnt forehead, which looks as if it had indeed been baptized with fire?

He has found the ruined bark and the ocean-rock his only footing, while the surges swept around him, and death stared him in the face through the "terrible crystal." Yet he was not dismayed. He knew in whom he had believed. He does not now complain that his lot has been a hard one; or any moment without its consolation. He leaves me with an earnest "God bless you!" from lips too pale and famished to be insincere; and goes on, with home and all its endearments pressing warm about his heart. God bless thee, too, honest son of the seas! and may He give thee a speedy and happy meeting with thy sorrow-stricken mother! In that rough marine shell is a gem whose lustre shall outlast the stars. Let all of the household of faith, often on the bended knee, remember them "that go down to the sea in ships!"

Next comes a group of happy little children bursting forth from school, all smiles, and roses, and dimples; looking like a basket of young wild flowers emptied out. How sweetly that merry laugh accords with their soft infant voices! It is a sight and a sound to touch the heart with a thought of the kingdom of heaven. Their looks

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are of beauty, innocence and joy; their motions full of freedom, grace and life; their mirth is of a kind that shall never turn to heaviness. It is praise. It might be interpreted a Hallelujah!

A solitary passenger—who is he, with that fine form, pale face, and wild, piercing eye? He has the aspect of terror and the air of a fugitive, while audibly addressing imaginary beings around him, and warning them to flee from some awful form of impending destruction. O, if there be any so thoughtless as never to have thanked the Giver of his reason for the continued use of it, let the first act of that reason be to do it now, before it is gone, like that of the hapless maniac!

Now, a dashing, fiery youth drives by, with the way scintillating under the flying hoofs of his panting steed, while the lash held over him has already striped his foaming sides. His wheel has struck down and broken the old man's staff, and bruised the little child that was leading his blind father; while he rolls on for pleasure, behind that reeking animal, with the double symbol of his own wasting life and its vanity, issuing from his lips in the burning leaf and the vapor surmounting it. Methinks it is he who, a few years ago, was the boy robbing birds' nests, and dismembering live insects for sport, now shocking humanity

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by an exhibition of full-grown folly and cruelty, in the public streets.

But a highway is a shifting scene of persons and things. Hither comes Olivia—not the votary of fashion and vanity, whose glittering ornaments and costly apparel declare themselves to be more precious than their wearer—Olivia, a daughter of the King, outwardly adorned with modesty and simple attire. Yet she cannot conceal the lustre of the splendid vesture which she wears beneath that plain, but neat exterior; for inwardly she is clothed with light—even with the SUN; and she has in her bosom the *Pearl of great price.* They shine out in all she does. Her eye is radiant, her face bright, her speech glowing, and her hand luminous with them, as she goes with the buoyant step of one treading upper air, to speak the words of consolation and minister relief in the abodes of affliction and want. She is in the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The view now dilates to an open ground; and beyond, to the far-spreading ocean. There it lies, bright and calm as if the angel of peace were hovering over its waters, and tumult and warring should never more enter among them. Yet I remember the night of the storm; and the morning-

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light that shone only on the top of the mast of the submerged ship that had gone down, a tomb to the helpless crew. * * * But O Sea! Sea! thou wondrous body of a mighty element! Come not now into my contemplations, with thy high powers and deep mysteries. The capacity of this little mind is at this hour too small to entertain thee; while my spirit must pause and do reverence to Him who holds thee in his hand, and saith, "Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou go."

There is a laborer with an overloaded team, goading, and lashing, and profanely vociferating at his struggling animals, to make them bring the wheels that bear that immense weight, up a steep bank, while every sinew is strained to its utmost, their necks are extended, their horns thrown back, and their eyes rolled up imploringly at their unfeeling tyrant, as if, like the beast of the angry Prophet, they would next speak out, and tell him that he requires more strength than the Almighty has given them, and blows cannot add to their endowment. Alas! that ever the ox should know his owner by such tokens! Unyoke thy faithful, unoffending servants, man, and discharge half their burden; then go and learn of him who tells thee, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light;" and who promises mercy but to the merciful, while his criterion is, *A merciful man is merciful*

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to his beast. But thou art piercing the very bosom of Mercy, and her blood will cry against thee, when thou wilt need her earnest intercession in thy behalf. Consider who is now *thy Master;* and whose majesty and goodness thou art insulting by thus serving him. Has *human, civil* law no curb to check—no penalty to impose on such *inhuman* barbarity?

The venerable preacher draws near, with his majestic figure slightly bent by the weight of fourscore years. He stood up in the pulpit yesterday, and addressed the audience with the deeply solemn, but sublime and glowing eloquence of one with his feet in the tomb, while his head and heart seemed in heaven; and the eyes of all that sea of faces were knit together, in one intense regard, on his; as if they expected to see the earth opening to receive his mortal form, and the angels wafting his spirit to the skies. Yet who hath believed his report? Long has he been laboring to break the glebe and drop in the seed with patience, and with hope that, though he may not live to see the harvest here, even in the shoot, he may hereafter behold it in the sheaf. May his mantle fall on the young disciple who is walking by his side!

A smooth little vale cut into a triangle by the

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three courses of the highway, lies before me, with a small sheet of water, shining like a gem, in its bosom. A company of merry boys, from the school-house on its margin, are there, at the water's edge, launching their mimic fleet of paper-rigged ships. One has veered and put back into port—another, with too much sail forward, has fatally plunged—a third, not well-balanced, is capsized—a fourth has hit upon a snag; while the fifth sails clear. A prefiguration, perhaps a prophetic show of the future calculation and fortune of their owners; and the regret or gladness at failure or success, is probably as great to their little hearts, as will be felt in after years by those of manhood.

The frolic of these merchants and mariners in the germ, has frightened away a flock of domestic water-fowls that were regaling themselves in a sailing-party. They come up, protruding their intelligent heads toward me, lifting their wings and shrieking, as if they had another Rome to save. It gives one a very indefinable feeling, diminutive of dignity, and bordering on a foolish resentment, to be thus hissed. Yet in this case as in many others, where an attempt to repel the awkward and insolent assailant would only increase the annoyance, it is best to take it quietly, that resistance or manifest impatience may not bring one down to a temporary level with the offender.

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But hark! I hear the long, low tones of a bell. They come, a knell from yonder temple on the edge of the cemetery by the road-side. There is a gathering of people to its door—I will go in also, and wait to see what follows. A funeral train! and they are doubly mourners. That solemn hearse bears not a lone one: two are there. They who, but a few years apart, were in infancy pillowed on one mother's bosom, have not in death been as many hours divided; but after passing into the vale—in the evening-time of life, the aged brother and sister have come down together, and lie side by side, beneath the dark drapery in that aisle; while the leaves that lately overshadowed them in their summer-walks hither, are whirling into their open grave below the window. The solemn service commences. The hymn—"Hark, from the tomb!" A voice from without seems to respond, "Come view the ground." The speaker, as if his lips were touched with a live coal from off the altar, offers the warm prayer—the pathetic address of consolation, exhortation and warning. While he tells his hearers that all flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field, he points them to the fields and hills around, to see how the grass withereth and the flower fadeth; and then to the low beds in sight, where so many have been taken from these seats, to slumber beneath those clods.

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The old parish-sexton is busy in the scene, with his loose white locks streaming among the sable weeds and over the black pall, as he passes up and down in the functions of his office. The humble habitation where the small low lamp of his life was lighted, and where it will probably go out in peace, is but a few paces from the sanctuary. In the little space between his premises and this cemetery has the measure of his usefulness been filling up, and the temporal purposes for which he came into being have here been performed. The place where his head was first cradled, and where it has nightly been pillowed, until this hoary age, is little more than a stone's-cast from that where, when another shall have laid it as he has laid his hundreds, he will sleep the sleep which not even the voice of his old familiar friend, the iron-tongued bell, vibrating over him, will be able to break.

Fifty years and upwards has he been pulling at that bell, to call the flock to come and attend to the Gospel sound, or to gatherings like this; or digging in his small enclosure, and sowing it with the remains of mortality. He has seen the field of his labors showered with the tears of sorrow by affection in every form; and a growth of tumuli and monumental stones heaving and shooting up after him, wherever his spade has wrought.

Thus, through the fulfilment of the first pen-

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alty denounced on man for disobedience, has he been paying the second—eating his bread in the sweat of his face.

Surely, if he has not seen and done enough in this, his little plantation, to make him sigh for a better state, and long after immortality, he has that mortal disease, a heart of stone! If he has not heard enough from that pulpit and the Volume there, to make him believe in a resurrection and a life to come, neither would he be convinced though one of those whom he has buried arose from the dead.

But the scene is closing. The aged brother and sister are gathered to the dust of their parents —the mourners are retiring—the sun is low between the hills. I have seen enough to make me go home, enter into my closet, and shut the door.

Newburyport.

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THE TREE MAGNETICAL.

BY REV. L. WITHINGTON.

SONG I.

I ALWAYS weep, whene'er I see
The cheerful shade of that elm tree;—
It throws its arms o'er rolls of grass,
Along its leaves the breezes pass;
When Morning lifts her eastern hue,
It drips and glitters in her dew;
Another eye perchance might say,
Such gentle sights are only gay;
Yet, when its lowliest leaves I see,
They always call a tear from me.

My days of youth are past; and Time has shed
His snows profusely on my frosty head.
Seas I have crossed; by angry tempests driven,
Myself in danger to despair have given;
The polar snows have clogged my weary feet;
The tropic suns have on my temples beat;
No tear permitted down my cheek to roll,
No female weakness shook my iron soul:—
But here I weep—a child I seem to be
Beneath the shade of this bewitching tree.

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'T is painful to behold it—yet in vain
I fly—there is a pleasure in the pain.
Are the weird sisters dancing round this spot?
Are their heart-chains, strange chains for man or not?
My tears are shameful, yet they will—*will* fall:—
I could not quit this spot, should seraphs call.
That tree to me is agony—despair;
It drives me off, yet still I linger there.

But mark! behind this tree, in yon blue skies,
I see a tall and balanced well-pole rise:
Mark how the iron makes its circle bend;
See that old bucket dangling at the end;
The iron hoops—the orifice so brown;
The handle circling, like an iron crown:
I knew a boy that on the very rust
Of that old bucket used to slake his thirst.

And see! wide yawning like a pit profound,
A dark old cellar marks the pebbly ground.
The henbane rises there—the vervain blue;
The mustard plant—the apple of Peru;
The dog grass rolls its folds of rankest green,
With many a creeping blackberry vine between;
Vines, to which pilfering children never cling,
That take no blossom from the pregnant spring.
The very arch is there in broken length,
That bore the central chimney on its strength.
Whatever blessing round that mansion rose,
Whatever virtues there might find repose,
Whatever mother there might trim her fire,
Whatever virgin pin her neat attire;

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Of all that dwelling, all its joys and pains,
That gloomy cellar now alone remains.

SONG II.

In life's delightful morn,
With rapture and surprise,
We see a curtain drawn
In purple round our skies;
Alas, how little do we know
Before the night what storms may blow!

Presumption is the sin
Of still confiding youth;
Delusion comes to win
Our Faith away from truth:
We see the blossom in its sheath,
But no dead autumn leaf beneath.

The future could we measure
With our prophetic eyes,
It might destroy our pleasure,
But sure would make us wise;
We might perhaps, though light should fade,
Behold enough to see the shade.

But to my tree:—strange dreams of joy and grief
Are swarming there in every trembling leaf.
A magic circle spreads its roots around,
And every step is on enchanted ground;
Strange sounds I hear in every solemn blast;
To me it joins the future with the past:

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It is a conscious tree; it lives; and—hark!
Embodied spirits whisper from its bark:
The dead are there;—its sacred branches rise,
Like Jacob's ladder, to the mingling skies;
Angels descend my loneliest tears to see;
Perhaps to bring some holy gift to me.
It is a sacred tree; upon this sod
A man might make an altar to his God.

Revolving time has seen a wanderer roam,
Far from his native land and humble home;
Full fifty times the trees, in green attire,
Have felt the influence of the solar fire;
Old men have died, and children have been born;
The low have risen, the high have sunk in scorn;
That blasted bough, when other green leaves shine,
Is but an image of old hearts and mine:—
O, hard his lot, who, mid warm Nature's truth,
In age preserves the feelings of his youth;
In whose sad breast the sacred fire still burns
Amidst his kindred's epitaphs and urns;
Who feels the passions to their objects drawn,
The fire still burning, but the fuel gone.

'T was sweet when day's long sweating toils were done,
And o'er the hills went down the crimson sun,
To gather in one group around one board,
For rustic throng the rustic plenty stored;
Beneath the ample shade of that old tree,
With maple sugar sweet we took our tea;

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Then father, mother, son, and daughter came,
Their hopes, their pleasures, and their wealth the same;
Bound in one tender chain—the chain of love,
Virtuous below, and hoping bliss above:
The tree may wave its ancient branches there,
The grass may grow as fertile and as fair;
But never more, around the verdant seat,
Will that once happy-hearted circle meet:
The winds, O tree, are yearly thy decay;
And living leaves, O Death, become thy prey!

SONG III.

Merrily, merrily sing the birds,
  Shaded at ease in the green-wood tree;
Merrily, merrily low the herds,
  Feeding their fill in the pasture free;
Merrily, leap the fish in the sea,
Merrily, merrily all but me.

In yonder lot on three sides skirted round,
With a deep forest and its gloom profound,
Where the high gate, scarce opening thrice a year,
Admits the sable train and solemn bier—
There sleep the ashes of the bad and just;
One grave contains a mother's precious dust;—
Her voice is mute—her earthly race is run,
She died and never blessed her absent son;
And can you wonder, will you censure me,
That I should weep beneath this old elm tree?
I see the willow at a distance wave,
I see the stone that heads her humble grave.

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In foreign lands beyond parental care,
Where heat and vapors poison all the air,
By love of lucre and ambition led,
Prostrate I suffered on the sick man's bed;
While hired attendants, with reluctant care,
Gave the slow cup to my prolonged despair;
As death approaching cast his shadow drear,
And barbarous voices sounded on my ear;
While not a tone of love could bid me live,
And all my help was such as gold could give;—
O, then I felt beyond the power of art,
The priceless value of a willing heart;
Then far beyond the worth of worlds to me
Were one sweet leaf from that old homely tree.

SONG IV.

O, cursed love of gold,
How worthless is the prize,
That human life doth hold
To our young cheated eyes;
For this from house and home we part,
And tear sweet nature from the heart.

In vain fond parents weep;
In vain a sister sighs;
To gather gold we sweep
To sickly climes and skies;
And when the stream begins to roll,
We gain the world and lose the soul.

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Beneath this tree, when first to tempt the seas,
I thought to leave my home and rural ease,
My father gravely took his solemn stand,
And put the Bible in my backward hand;
"My son," he cried, "since you from home must go,
To wander forth in this wide world of wo;
Since you will try its snares with roving feet,
And join that throng where sore temptations meet;
Take this good book, and make it all your trust;
Revere your God, and to mankind be just;
Resist temptation; curb the love of gain;
For wealth by fraud acquired is future pain.
Seek first the kingdom of the world above,
And let the treasure of thy heart be love."
He gave the book; I took it from his hand;
Like Kid, I never sunk it in the sand;
I never rallied with the scoffing crew;
Its threats and promises to me were true;
But see! the pencil-marks, the figures scrawled,
The calculations on each page installed,—
These show my Bible fixed some bargain's date;
It was my rule of three; my scrip; my slate.
The tongue that warned me then, is silent now:
The valley-clods are pressing on *his* brow.
My Bible too—I know not where to find—
I left it, thrown in some old chest behind;
And can you wonder—will you censure me,
That I should weep beneath this poor old tree?

The bliss of man—of life the very wine,
Is either human love or love divine.

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If thou art doomed a sterile world to see,
Leaning on none, and none to lean on thee,
No eye to watch thee with a radiance mild,
No father to approve, no wife or child,
No friend on earth—of tenderness no trace,
No hand to help—no home—no resting place,—
Though all the stores of India round thee meet,
Though all Peru were treasured at thy feet,
Despair might well that marble bosom hold,
That knows no love but the vile love of gold.

SONG V.

A thorn upon the bough
May make your fingers bleed;
But a thorn within the heart, I trow,
Is agony indeed!

A little drop of dew
May bright in the morn appear;
But the drop that passes your eyeball through
Is a bitter, bitter tear.

In southern climes, where trodden down we see
The man to bondage born among the free;
Where high dominion some assume as right,
Because the hand that holds the power is white;
Where woolly heads beneath the lash must bleed,
And a flat nose is felony indeed;
There priest and victim to immortal gain,
Oppression winds and suffering wears the chain;

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But of all slaves, that different climes afford,
The worst is he that serves a yellow lord.

There was a time,—'t was when this heart was young;
When softer eloquence employed this tongue,
When this calm mind, in youth's unsullied dream,
Became a mirror to each grove and stream;
Then I could wander where the wild rose grew,
And every impulse was to nature true.
How changed the scene! my fancies all are fled;
Gray hairs are sprinkled o'er my altered head.
Oft I repeat my long protracted moan,
Alone, alone—a hermit's fate—alone;—
The leaves in multitudes adorn each tree;
The waves assembling form the mighty sea;
The sheep together through the pastures feed;
The flowers grow socially, and even the weed;
The quail is social in her nightly moan;
And I am here—alone—alone—alone—
Yet I am rich; and if a crutch were sold,
Why, I can buy a crutch of burnished gold;
And I can wrap—my pockets are so full—
My gouty limbs in pure merino wool;
On brazen castors have my stuffed chair drawn,
And pass whole sleepless nights in sheets of lawn;
Such are the joys of wealth! and yet you see
I come to weep beneath that old elm tree.

Sweet tree! delicious, ever cherished spot,
Forsaken long, but never quite forgot:—
Yes, there was one of simple, slender form,
Whose eye was modest, and whose heart was warm;

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Whose name—to him who seeks it—may be known
By passing on and reading yonder stone.
How oft, when zephyrs came with leaves to talk,
We paused, and finished the slow evening walk!
Here first that image rose with blessings fraught,
Unknown to art, by moving nature taught;
The blameless eye, the beauteous blushing cheek,
That spoke the word which language could not speak;
Here first that inward fire so pure was known,
Caught from a heart congenial to my own;
Here all the sweets through beauteous crowds that run,
Seemed rolled together and combined in one;
All, all were heaped on one most perfect shrine;
The god—the offering and the flame were mine;—
Here Time in thought stood still, so soft he moved
To bosoms chained, still loving and beloved.
O had I followed through contented toil,
New-England's blessings on New-England's soil!
O had I piled my hay—my clover mows,
For her whose neatest hand had milked my cows!
Had Fancy never borrowed aid from art;
Had mad Ambition never seized my heart;
One precious treasure, now forever thrown
Away from being, had been all my own!—
We parted here—the very spot you see—
Upon this ground—beneath this very tree.

For gold I broke a father's aged rest;
For gold I agonized a mother's breast;
For gold I left my native home behind,
And gave my body to the waves and wind;

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For gold I gave away my mental wealth;
Abused my conscience, threw away my health;
Sailed, traded, shuffled, cheated, promised, lied,
Lost my repose, and gratified my pride;
And more—I left a broken heart, and sold
The best of treasures, youthful love, for gold!

Ah, why to nature and ourselves unjust,
Do we prefer this greedy, glittering dust?
Why do we leave, in quest of shadows still,
Our native mountains and the whip-poor-will?
Why does the cow-bell, tinkling through the wood,
Our maple trees, with richest juice imbued;
The brawny crew, oft starting like the fawn,
To dinner summoned by the sounding horn;
The ground so healthful, where the smooth rakes play
The rising heaps of sweetly scented hay;
The fields of maize with deepest green o'erlaid,
The plough, the hoe, the pitchfork and the spade;—
Why do such objects to our choice disclose
No place for toil—no pillow for repose?

SONG VI.

From yonder vale, there is a bird,
Which pours at eve her plaintive tone;
And Sorrow, as the song is heard,
Might wish to make the notes her own.

In one unvaried, dreary sound,
So mournful, yet so pleasing still,

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It well might soothe a secret wound
To hear the chant, sad whip-poor-will!

Thou art the minstrel of the night;
Thou art the queen of yonder vale;
Thou giv'st to musing souls delight!
Thou art Columbia's nightingale.

Not all the birds of every grove,
Which India's happier clime may fill,
Can wake such memories of love
As thou, my native whip-poor-will!

When youth's warm fire is sunk in time's thick gloom,
Can any power the wasted wick relume?
Shall I again at Love's old altar bow,
And frame the fervid lay and tender vow;
Beside some modern virgin take my stand,
And ask of her a mercenary hand;
Beseech a youthful heart its smile to pay
On one whose heart is cold and head is gray;
See her consenting, with a generous view,
To be my wife and be my widow too?
No! when the fallen stars resume the sky;
When the dropped blossom to the tree shall fly;
When the pale moon shines brighter than the sun;
When rivers to their fountains backward run;
When fragrant fumes from charnel-houses burst;
When none on earth are by oppression curst;
When light and darkness mingle, fire and frost;
Then age may gain the love which youth has lost!

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SONG VII.

Go to the roaring deep,
  Where many a billow breaks;
You find from its salt heap
  It gives as well as takes;
It drinks the streams by rivers given,
And sends the vapors up to heaven.

Go to the furrowed field;
  It takes the golden grain
To make the kernels yield
  Their richness back again;
They rise in beauty through the mould,
Some thirty—some an hundred fold.

Go to the mountains high,
  Where water gushes free;
They take it from the sky
  To pass it to the sea;
And though a thousand realms are crost,
Yet not a wandering drop is lost.

But would you, sickening, track
  The chest where Furies frown,
Still giving nothing back,
  And always swallowing down?
Go to some miser's cruel cell;
Go to the grave—ay, go to Hell!

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But O this twinge that flies from toe to toe;
This pain rheumatic which torments me so;
This chalky whiteness on my hands and feet;
This bad digestion—loathing of my meat;
This cough that wakes me at the midnight hour;
This stomach and this temper both so sour;
These wakeful nights whenever shines the moon;
This trembling hand that hardly holds a spoon!—
Yet I am rich, and freely can afford
The bitterest potions with which shops are stored;
Can take my rhubarb from a silver cup,
And swallow pills and powders ere I sup.
Whene'er the meddling doctor visits me,
I comprehend him when he wants his fee;
Kind man! he shows me—promising to save—
The most expensive passage to my grave.

Ah! when that grave at length shall open wide,
And I descend with all my pelf and pride;
When Avarice and her dreams at last are o'er,
And this cold selfish heart shall beat no more;
Though none compassionate my final groan,
And I must die as I have lived,—*alone!*
Yet one last wish my stubborn will could win,
One spark of nature lingers still within;
It is my wish (perhaps 't is foolish—wild;
Perhaps it marks me for a second child)
That some kind hand, if such a hand might be,
Would dig my grave beneath that *old elm tree!*

Newbury, Mass.

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DEATH IN INFANCY.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. ROGERS.

THE gladness of Spring has ever a cast of sadness with it, for me. The air is perfumed indeed, by bud and blossom, as if an angel had shaken his wings around us; but look you, there are more germs blighted and dead beneath the tree, than clinging yet to the branches. Life is ever in the minority, and that sweet emblem admonishes me how largely young life enters the harvest of death. It seems but natural, when the duties of life have been met, its pleasures exhausted, its relationships formed and perfected, and when the soul is shut in from the world without, by its decaying senses, and limited to the circle of its own reflections, that the spent energies of age should rest in the grave. But here in infancy, you have death with no faculty developed, and the life which might have been an oak to shelter nations, dying a seedling. Life itself is but a fragment, interposed between eternities; but here the very fragment is broken, and the living clay, which but an hour ago was

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stamped with his own image by the hand of God, under the self-same hand, crumbles into dust. That life seems an intention interrupted, a purpose formed, and in the very moment of its taking shape, strangely changed. It seems a life with no end but death, and death, too, where last we should look for it in the varied condition of man. When hallowed love has blended its own nature in the life of the new-born, and

> "For the mother's sake the child is dear,
> And dearer yet the mother, for the child,"

wherever else the curse on the earth might fall and blight, here last and lightest should we look for it; but even here Death claims his own.

But let us regard this matter as they to whom God has spoken in words articulate by man, and interpret his providence by a higher than earthly wisdom. That life of a day shall endure with the longest. It was but the title page we read; the volume of its being is above. Its absolute existence is the same, whether straitened to an hour, or protracted to threescore years and ten on earth, for it claims immortality as its birth-right. We robe the little one in the vestments of death, and bear it out with many tears to the dust that lived before it; we chisel the record of its life of hours, and of our love, upon the chill

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marble; and thus we cheat the heart from truth and fact, while we think and speak of it as dead. It is not dead. It cannot die. It lives and shall with the lifetime of God. It breathed an hour in clay, that we might know that God had created another immortal, and that they, the childbereft, were honored with its parentage, and then it passed from earth to claim its own. Follow it, if you will, where it mingles with those of whom the Savior said, "Their angels do always behold my Father which is in heaven." The formation of character here is under a probation of many sorrows, but there you have the earth-born trained in heaven. It is among the ministries of angels, and gladness such as the blessed know, and truth from the lips of prophets sanctified, among the records of an eternity past, and the developments of an eternity to come, that it wakens to conscious life. There it mingles with the elder spirits of eternity, and beholds the face of Deity, bright in his brightness, yet itself seen but as a shadow intercepting the intenser glory of the throne. Would you disrobe it of its immortality? Would you have its faculties, sprung in an hour to giant-stature, dwindled to the feebleness of infancy, to enter again the narrow chambers of its mortality? Would you hush the song perfecting praise from infant lips, and give it back to earth, to die again, and win its weary and doubt-

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ful way above? There was reason for the mastery of faith in the Shunamite, when her boy was dead, and she answered the inquiry of the prophet, "Is it well with the child?" "It is well." No, let it rest, remembering, when you look upon an infant dead, that heaven is enlarged.

Brief as the term of a child's life on earth may be, it has answered the end of its existence. It did not live only to die. It lived to be loved, to stir up, within the human breast, the strong, quick pulsations of a mother's and a father's heart, to which the solitary must ever be strangers. Had it never lived, the place that it filled would have been a blank, and the hearts it warmed unmoved; but now, instead of nothingness, there is a memory, which the soul meets with emotions that God has treasured up in parentage. And sad though that memory be, it softens with time, until it seems as if they had but dreamed of an angel.

But its life and death had yet a higher use. In this pilgrimage of ours, we forget that we are banished Paradise, and we attempt to frame another from the grosser elements about us. It seems the end of divine providences to expel us from the Eden we have planted, and with whose power we expected unbroken peace. Banished, we repeat the folly, till the poor weary heart hardly dares to love, and says it will not; yet it

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does, though death and the grave are quick to sunder the loved and loving, and then, perchance guided by mercy, it finds in God and truth, an object which it may dare to love, for death only brings us nearer to God, and there is no grave in heaven. God has many voices in this world, in his varied providence, and though they speak in no dialect of man, they are clear and well understood. It is the anticipation of spirit communion hereafter. But among them all, whether loud or low, whether wrathful or tender, there is none, which does so move the heart to think of God, as the still lips of infancy in death.

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DEATH OF ABIJAH,

The Son of Jeroboam.—1 Kings xiv.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

Why is the son of Nebat pale?
What clouds in gloom that haughty brow?
Doth conscience tell a fearful tale?
And bid him 'neath its terrors bow?
No! that proud heart, parental fear
With dark forebodings long has swayed—
For young Abijah, fondly dear,
Was on the couch of sickness laid.

"Arise," he cried, "my Queen, arise!
Instant to Israel's Prophet go;
Yet reft of state,—thy form disguise,—
Lest Jeroboam's wife he know:
To him bread, cakes and honey bear,—
His lips foretold my royal state,
Who knows but he may deign declare
For our loved son a milder fate?"

She went, but heaven's high Lord the while
Had communed with the sightless Seer;
That Awful One, who hateth guile,
Informed him who was journeying near;—

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The Queen hath reached the Prophet's home,
And shuddering hears him sternly say,
"Thou wife of Jeroboam,—come!
Why feign'st thou? Cast disguise away.

For thou must now such tidings hear,
As will thy heart with anguish rend;
Go, tell the King what words I bear,
What message Israel's God doth send."
Too soon the fearful doom he spoke,
That on her husband's house must fall,
And while she writhed beneath the stroke,
She felt he had deserved it all.

"O Queen, return! 'T is God's command!
Yet when thy palace meets thine eye,—
When thou shalt on its threshold stand,
That moment will thy darling die,—
Yet him all Israel's sons shall mourn,
For only he, of all his race,
Shall to an honored grave be borne,
And find in earth a resting place.

For of his father's house alone
Did he Jehovah's favor seek,—
So they to ravening dogs be thrown,
And to the vulture's hungry beak!"—
Still more the frowning Prophet said,
Though little could the mother heed,—
To her the sharpest dart had sped,
Her bosom's joy to death decreed.

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That morn, when first the Seer she sought,
  Hope beamed her anxious heart within;
But now, what dreadful doom she brought
  The victim of a father's sin!
O Christian mothers, ye are blest
  When death removes the soul ye love,
In the sweet faith to share its rest,
  And join it in the realms above!

But to the grief of Israel's Queen
  No holy trust a sunbeam gave;
No angel's smile illumed the scene,
  Or cheered the darkness of the grave;
She only knew the unerring will
  That soothed the drooping sufferer's doom,
She must, alas! herself fulfil,
  And plunge her idol in the tomb.

But all at once, a sickly smile
  Curls her pale lip! from hope it rose;
Yet such a hope could scarce beguile
  To one short moment of repose.
"'T is not till I *the threshold* gain,
  My cherished child is doomed to die;
Then let me seek some distant plain,
  And exiled from my dwelling fly.

Yes, let me seek some desert bourn,
  And lonely pine,—small price to give,—
If he, indeed, till my return,
  Be from his sickness freed, and live."

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Weak, vain resolve! she knew full well
How true the doom, how fixed the fate,
And Hope's last flimsy fabric fell,
And left her spirit desolate.

On—on—with yearning heart she went,
Until the city walls beheld
Her faltering footsteps homeward bent
On quickened course, by fear impelled:
And though too sure what pangs she bore
To him, her dearest joy and pride,
Nerved by despair, she reached her door,
And as she passed its bounds—*he died!*

London, Eng.

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Painted by Coypel

Engraved by C. Pelton.

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THE SISTERS [illegible]

THE reader of the [illegible] varied scenes through w[illegible] on the mysterio[illegible] *and tragical and the* [illegible] cast a forward glance [illegible] ful valleys of Beth[illegible] waters, the lowing of [illegible] shepherds. We cried w[illegible] of *mighty men of valor* [illegible] self in the bright looks of [illegible] the vintage, and glean[illegible] fields of Boaz. The New [illegible] ly, owe much to this s[illegible] and sheep. The far-re[illegible] ior's teachings would [illegible] almost every step of [illegible] *things heavenly*, we [illegible] life episode of [illegible] by having our attention [illegible] some heart like our own, [illegible] whose *infirmities we can* [illegible]

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THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

BY G. M. S.

THE reader of the Bible often wonders at the varied scenes through which he is led. Standing on the mysterious top of Sinai, amidst *blackness and tempest and the voice of words*, he has but to cast a forward glance to find himself in the peaceful valleys of Bethlehem, and listen to running waters, the lowing of herds, and the piping of shepherds. Wearied with the chronicled exploits of *mighty men of valor*, he may turn to sun himself in the bright looks of the maidens that gather the vintage, and glean after the reapers in the fields of Boaz. The New Testament, particularly, owes much to this shifting and flitting of light and shade. The far-reaching themes of the Savior's teachings would overpower the soul, if, at almost every step of our progress to a knowledge of *things heavenly*, we were not met by some little episode of individual humanity, and relieved by having our attention turned to the history of some heart like our own, with the *feeling* of whose *infirmities we can be touched*, or in com-

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munion with whose gladness our own souls are refreshed and strengthened to look again on things *eternal and invisible.*

This is peculiarly the case, when, pursuing the stern, relentless path by which the Savior is borne forward to the scenes of the crucifixion, till we have set our trembling feet upon the very ascent of Calvary, we are permitted to pause and sit down awhile under the *vine and fig tree*, drawing free breath once more amidst all familiar household charities. Here, in this embowered home of Bethany, we may safely surrender our hearts to what seems fair, for we read that JESUS *loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.* Their peaceful dwelling was to him like the garden beyond the brook Kedron, or the shady seclusion of the Mount of Olives. His favor to its inmates was shown so unreservedly that each would have ventured to designate the other, as the sisters on one occasion did Lazarus, *Him whom thou lovest.*

Of the brother, so dear to his sisters, we can gather but little; but of Martha and Mary, the Sisters of Bethany, the sacred narrative here and there retains some distinctive traits. The character of one of them is clearly shown in what appears to have been their first interview with the Savior. *Now it came to pass as he went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain wo-*

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man, named Martha, received him into her house. The acquaintance seems to have originated in Martha's abounding hospitality. She stands forth as the permitted head of the household,—the master spirit. She is undoubtedly the elder sister among orphans. The duties and cares this relation has imposed have awakened all her energies, and made her a practical woman, self-relying, and competent to direct others. The brother and sister have looked up to her for protection and guidance till they acquiesce in her authority as in that of a parent. Apparently, too, this position has had some of the less favorable results upon her character, which would seem almost inevitable. Martha is, undeniably, the least in the world opinionated, dictatorial, bustling and important.

See, mingled with her desire to do honor to her guest, an anxiety to maintain the state and style appropriate to the family rank—(and from some incidental circumstances, such as the number of friends who came from Jerusalem to Bethany to be with them in their affliction, the costly sepulture of Lazarus, and their lavish expenditure on this and another occasion, we should infer that it was a family of some hereditary consequence)—see her *cumbering* herself *with much serving*, and then, with professional pride in her self-imposed labors, expecting to receive commendation and sympathy. See the frankness and business-like

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directness of her appeal to the Savior—*Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.* This is not an appeal of mere petulance, or of regard to her own selfish ease;—for every one familiar with such a woman knows that it would have been self-denial for her to accept the help she asked;—but it was the natural expression of her sense of propriety. Martha's habits of life had led her to exaggerate the importance of her own sphere. In her estimation, woman's only high province was to *guide the house*, and Mary, oblivious of all that belonged to the occasion, sitting at the Savior's feet, absorbed in his teachings, seemed altogether out of place. Her quick eye detected, and her hand, ever prompt to follow out the decisions of her own mind, sought to rectify the incongruity, as she would any other derangement of the family order. This is her appeal to the Savior:—Mary has forsaken her appropriate sphere. Add the weight of your authority to mine, and correct this propensity for life.

Martha, Martha, said her Lord, with a directness quite equal to her own, *thou art careful and troubled about many things.* Did not a voice within her bear witness to this impeachment? But Mary is choosing a better part;—she is finding a peace not subject to these inquietudes; a

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peace such as not only the lesser, but the greater evils of life shall never utterly take away.

Martha is rebuked—once for all. We hear no more of her self-complacency. Once assured from the Savior's own lips that Mary's disposition and habits of mind met his approbation, we see no farther attempts to alter and conform the younger sister to her standard. We see in her, henceforward, love and pride and tenderness equal to that of a mother, but no more of this maternal anxiety and sense of responsibility. Mary is justified, and henceforward free to follow her own inclinations. It would seem that, from the first, Mary had been the cherished object of affectionate indulgence in the household—that both brother and sister regarded her with fond pride, as the ornament and charm of their dwelling. Mary's sway over the hearts of all who approached seems never for one moment to have been disputed by her sister. Mary is the fair and graceful flower, dispensing fragrance, and receiving homage; Martha is the humbler root, delighting to send abroad its fibres to find sustenance for what is the boast of its being. If Mary had exacted anything of what was so freely accorded, or assumed any consequence from her loveliness of person and winning manners, Martha would not have rendered it. There is in Mary's character a germ of what might have become wilful-

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ness under this course of indulgence, if she had never met the Savior, and *learned of him who was meek and lowly in heart.* As it was, all we see of her assures us that it never grew to harm, though we may trace it in her ardor, and the eagerness with which she followed out her own enthusiastic impulses. How much there is in her to win our love and admiration! Observe her eager attention to instruction not addressed particularly to her, or adapted with any reference to her youthful capacity and tastes. Mark the transparent simplicity of her character in her forgetfulness of herself and all surrounding circumstances while she *sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word;* for at this time he was probably seated in the open court, the most public part of the dwelling, and surrounded by listening disciples, and others drawn together by curiosity. Mary's is a character made up of all gentler elements; a counterpart to that of the beloved disciple. How she clings to the ties of domestic life! When Lazarus dies, she falls to the earth like a vine whose prop has been removed; while Martha stands erect, like a well-rooted, though scathed tree.

The difference in the character of the sisters is very marked throughout that touching narrative of the death and resurrection of Lazarus, so familiar to every one, that, doubtless, it has been

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to most of us, in our childhood, the favorite passage of the whole Bible. Both the sisters had longed, in their distress, for the presence and aid of their beloved Master, and had sent to entreat him to come to them.

Before their messenger could reach him, however, Lazarus was dead, and certainty had taken the place of apprehension. He finds them surrounded by friends; for *many came from Jerusalem to comfort Martha and Mary concerning their brother*. Doubtless the uncommon affection of this brother and sisters had been often remarked, and their bereavement excited unusual sympathy. Martha, with characteristic quickness of perception, is the first to be aware of the approach of Jesus, and to hasten to meet him. Her first words to him are not of their loss, but of how it might have been averted, and an indirect, but earnest inquiry, if it be utterly without remedy, even now. Jesus does not weep with Martha, as he afterwards did with the overwhelmed Mary; but he calmly reasons with her. He examines her knowledge of his doctrines, and tests the nature and degree of her faith in him, not utterly quenching the faint hope she evidently has, that her brother may yet be restored through his intercession, but directing her thoughts to more spiritual themes than were habitual to them. He spoke to her of the immaterial and imperishable

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soul, and of its hold on eternal life, even while it dwelt in a body subject to death. Martha listened, and in part apprehended; but her soul was not winged for a flight so far beyond familiar things, and she soon falls back upon the one great truth, which was the beginning and end of her creed,—*I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.* Had it been Mary before whom *life and immortality* were thus *brought to light*, she might have been so absorbed in the theme as to forget to announce the Savior's coming to her sister. Not so Martha. Both from nature and habit she was more alive to external claims, and she hastens back on this mission of love. She discharged it, too, with a thoughtful delicacy that nothing but a close observation of the mental habits of her more sensitive sister, prompted by a tenderness truly maternal, could have given to her differently constituted mind. *She calleth her sister secretly*, that the freedom of her first interview with the Savior might be unrestrained by the presence of witnesses.

How apparent it is that all who approached these sisters were aware of the difference in them! It was to *comfort Mary*, as if she were the only sufferer, that their friends were assembled. They saw her sorrow. It was obvious to their perceptions, though it probably far surpassed all that they conceived of its power. They *sat*

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down *with Mary* to comfort her, and allowed Martha, equally afflicted, to find relief, if possible, where she doubtless sought it, in occupation. When Martha went out, no one apprehended any burst of overpowering and dangerous emotion; but all rose with one accord and followed Mary, saying, *She goeth to the grave to weep there.* Martha's sorrow did not move the Savior like Mary's. When she fell at his feet in utter abandonment to grief, mechanically repeating the words of Martha, which had doubtless been with both the frequent expression of their confidence in his compassion and power to help them, the Savior made her no reply but tears. With his eyes fixed on the youthful Mary, *Jesus wept* over the woes and heart-break incident to this mortal life.

See them at the sepulchre, where Martha's habit of deciding upon every step to be taken calls forth the admonition of the Savior. *Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?* How hard for Martha to believe anything that seemed to contradict what she saw and knew!

We see the sisters once more after the scene of which we have been speaking, upon which Scripture wisely lets fall the veil of silence.

It should be remembered, in connection with the Savior's next visit to Bethany, that his great miracle, the restoration of Lazarus, had excited

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such anger and opposition among the Jewish rulers, and kindled a spirit of persecution so much more violent than all that had preceded it, that we read *from that day forth they took counsel against Jesus to put him to death*, and that they *gave* strict *commandment that if any man knew where he was, he should show it, that they might take him.*

It was under these circumstances, emerging from *the country near to the wilderness*, where he had been driven to take refuge for a time, with his disciples, that the Savior once more enters Bethany, and is met there with just such a transport as we should expect from those who had received such mercies at his hands. The joy with which the inhabitants of that little village welcomed the return of their Lord was not to be restrained by any edict from the persecuting city whose sacred pinnacles glittered in the valley below. It was not to be awed into silence by the approach of the Passover, in anticipation of which the whole nation was now coming up to Jerusalem. *The Master is come*, and the day is given up to the enjoyment of his beloved presence. They hold a high festival, not, it would seem, in the house of Lazarus, but in that of Simon of Bethany, a restored leper, whose superior rank and station, we may suppose, better became what seems to have been a public demonstration of their attachment. Lazarus forgets the caution which

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had kept him in concealment, and his presence seems to give to the scene of rejoicing a hallowed sanction, as from the unseen world. The restored and the Restorer sit side by side, and not only Bethany, but Jerusalem is moved at the spectacle. *Much people of the Jews came that they might see Jesus and Lazarus whom he had raised from the dead.* Where now are the sisters of *him who was dead?* They are both here.

How appropriate and natural to each is the manner in which the emotions of her heart seek vent! *Martha serves* at the feast, while Mary lavishes upon her adored Benefactor the box of costly odors. This act of graceful abandonment to the spirit of the hour would not have harmonized at all with our conceptions of Martha. She would not have wished the ointment spared, but she would doubtless have felt, with the disciples, that three hundred pence might have been more judiciously bestowed. But mark the Savior's tender, sheltering care for this *one of the little ones that believed on* him. *Trouble her not, she hath wrought a good work.* Happy for Mary that she did not comprehend the intimation of his approaching death, coupled with these words! *Against the day of my burial she hath done this.*

How pathetic an interest is added to this last scene of these disciples' communion with their Master, by their utter unconsciousness of the fear-

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ful verge on which they stand! The Savior is *in the way, going up to Jerusalem*, to die; but they see him depart with hearts filled with hope and exultation.

They stand and watch the great multitude coming out from Jerusalem to meet him, with waving palms, and strewing the way before him who had done this miracle. They catch the distant sounds, *Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* The long triumphal procession enters the gate of the city, and all is hidden from the eyes of the Sisters of Bethany.

Norwich, Con.

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THE CHILD AND FLOWER.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

At evening, once, among the flowers,
A weary man I strayed,
And through the garden groves and bowers
My lingering path I made;
Sweet, joyous birds were singing
Their twilight songs of prayer,
And summer dews were springing
Like Hermon's fragrance there.

Upon a gentle mound, there sat
A young and guileless girl,
Whose hair, from underneath her hat,
Flowed down in many a curl;
Her eyes were dim with weeping,—
Those eyes all liquid bright,
Like stars in water sleeping,
Pure jewels of the night!

I asked her why she wept so loud,
What her pure heart could grieve?
And down her cheek the tears would crowd,—
Her snowy breast's deep heave

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Told of the child's full sorrow,
Coming, like storm's array,
To be dispelled to-morrow,
Bringing a lovelier day.

"Kind sir," she said, "O look and see
My beautiful, bright flower!
My sister gave that plant to me
At our last parting hour:
I've watched, and pruned, and cherished
With all my art and care,
And after all, 't is perished!
'T is dead and withered there!"

Like that sweet child, through life we go,
Loving earth's transient things,
That lure with beauty's radiant glow,
While Hope, the tempter, sings.
For what we most had cherished
Our tears are oftenest shed;
For after all it perished,—
It withered and was dead!

Boston.

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TO WORDSWORTH.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

GREAT Bard of Nature! with reflective mind,
You gaze on all in reverential love;
While with far reaching sympathies you bind,
The simplest things on earth to heaven above;
With mightiest power through your prophetic lines,
You speak by *words* what Nature speaks by *signs!*

String in the harp of God! your music swells,
Beneath the tranquil stars and noon-day sun,
Far over the mountain heights and twilight dells,
Till your sweet tones and Nature's, blend in one,
And mingling still will each harmonious note,
Through ages yet to come, serenely float.

Friend of mankind! with sympathetic heart,
You love the Moorland hut and Cottage door;
With words divine you holy joy impart,
Singing sweet legends of the humble poor;
And thus in calm delight, with feeling strong,
For thinking minds you breathe your simple song.

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The earth to you is full of life and love;
God by his presence quickens all the land;
While mutely pointing to the heavens above,
The very trees and flowers like Prophets stand,
Till mount and glen, and leaf and bud and stream
And cloud and star, with holy meaning beam!

Voice of the Age! and Poet of all time!
Friend of Philosophy! meek guide of youth!
Profound, yet clear, and simple, yet sublime!
Lover of God! Interpreter of Truth!
"Lark in the dawn of years" with upward wing,
Even at the Gate of Heaven, you, soaring, sing!

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THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was sickness in the dwelling of the Emigrant. Stretched upon his humble bed, he depended on that nursing care which a wife scarcely less enfeebled than himself, was able to bestow. A child, in its third summer, had been recently laid to its last rest, beneath a turf mound under their window. Its image was in the heart of the mother, as she tenderly ministered to her husband.

"Wife, I am afraid I think too much about poor little Thomas. He was so well and rosy, when we left our old home, scarcely a year since. Sometimes I feel, if we had but continued there, our darling would not have died."

The tear which had long trembled, and been repressed by the varieties of conjugal solicitude, burst forth at these words. It freely overflowed the brimming eyes, and relieved the suffocating emotions which had striven for the mastery.

"Do not reproach yourself, dear husband. His time had come. He is happier there than here. Let us be thankful for those that are spared."

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"It seems to me that the little girls are growing pale. I am afraid you confine them too closely to this narrow house, and to the sight of sickness. The weather is growing settled. You had better send them out to change the air, and run about at their will. Mary,—lay the baby on the bed, by me, and ask mother to let little sister and you go out for a ramble."

The mother assented, and the children, who were four and six years old, departed full of delight. A clearing had been made in front of their habitation, and by ascending a knoll in its vicinity another dwelling might be seen, environed with the dark spruce and hemlock. In the rear of these houses was a wide expanse of ground, interspersed with thickets, rocky acclivities, and patches of forest trees, while far away, one or two lakelets peered up, with their blue eyes deeply fringed. The spirits of the children, as they entered this unenclosed region, were like those of the birds that surrounded them. They playfully pursued each other with merry laughter, and such a joyous sense of liberty as makes the blood course lightsomely through the veins.

"Little Jane, let us go further than ever we have before. We will see what lies beyond those high hills, for it is but just past noon, and we can get back long before supper-time."

"O yes, let us follow that bright, blue bird, and

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see what he is flying after. But don't go in among those briers that tear the clothes so, for mother has no time to mend them."

"Sister, sweet sister, here are snow-drops in this green hollow, exactly like those in my old, dear garden so far away. How pure they are, and cool, just like the baby's face when the wind blows on it! Father and mother will like us to bring them some."

Filling their little aprons with the spoil, and still searching for something new, or beautiful, they prolonged their ramble, unconscious of the flight of time, or the extent of space they were traversing. At length, admonished by the chillness, which often marks the declining hours of the early days of Spring, they turned their course homeward. But the returning clue was lost, and they walked rapidly, only to plunge more inextricably in the mazes of the wilderness.

"Sister Mary, are these pretty snow-drops good to eat? I am *so* hungry, and my feet ache, and will not go."

"Let me lift you over this brook, little Jane, and hold tighter by my hand, and walk as brave as you can, that we may get home, and help mother set the table."

"We won't go so far the next time, will we? What is the reason that I cannot see any better?"

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"Is not that the roof of our house, dear Jane, and the thin smoke curling up among the trees? Many times before, have I thought so, and found it only a rock, or a mist."

As evening drew its veil, the hapless wanderers, bewildered, hurried to and fro, calling for their parents, or shouting for help, until their strength was exhausted. Torn by brambles, and their poor feet bleeding from the rocks which strewed their path, they sunk down, moaning bitterly. The fears that overpower the heart of a timid child, who for the first time finds night approaching, without shelter or protection, wrought on the youngest to insupportable anguish. The elder, filled with the sacred warmth of sisterly affection, after the first paroxysms of grief, seemed to forget herself, and sitting up on the damp ground, and folding the little one in her arms, rocked her with a gentle movement, soothing and hushing her like a nursling.

"Don't cry; O don't cry so, dearest; say your prayers, and fear will fly away."

"How can I kneel down here in the dark woods, or say my prayers, when mother is not by to hear me? I think I see a large wolf, with sharp ears, and a mouth wide open, and hear noises as of many fierce lions growling."

"Dear little Jane, do say 'Our Father, who art in Heaven.' Be a good girl, and when we have

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rested here awhile, perhaps He may be pleased to send some one to find us, and to fetch us home."

Harrowing was the anxiety in the lowly hut of the Emigrant, when day drew towards its close, and the children came not. A boy, their sole assistant in the toils of agriculture, at his return from labor, was sent in search of them, but in vain. As evening drew on, the inmates of the neighboring house, and those of a small hamlet, at considerable distance, were alarmed, and associated in the pursuit. The agony of the invalid parents, through that night, was uncontrollable; starting at every footstep, shaping out of every breeze the accents of the lost ones returning, or their cries of misery. While the morning was yet gray, the father, no longer to be restrained, and armed with supernatural strength, went forth, amid the ravings of his fever, to take part in the pursuit. With fiery cheeks, his throbbing head bound with a handkerchief, he was seen in the most dangerous and inaccessible spots,—caverns, —ravines,—beetling cliffs,—leading the way to every point of peril, in the frenzy of grief and disease.

The second night drew on, with one of those sudden storms of sleet and snow, which sometimes chill the hopes of the young Spring. Then was a sadder sight,—a woman with attenuated form,

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flying she knew not whither, and continually exclaiming, "My children! my children!" It was fearful to see a creature so deadly pale, with the darkness of midnight about her. She heeded no advice to take care of herself, no persuasion to return to her home.

"They call me! Let me go! I will lay them in their bed myself. How cold their feet are! What! is Jane singing her nightly hymn without me? No! No! She cries. Some evil serpent has stung her;" and shrieking wildly, the poor mother disappeared, like a hunted deer, in the depths of the forest.

O! might she but have wrapped them in her arms, as they shivered in their dismal recess, under the roots of a tree, uptorn by some wintry tempest! Yet how could she imagine the spot where they lay, or believe that those little wearied limbs had borne them, through bog and bramble, more than six miles from the parental door? In the niche which we have mentioned, a faint, moaning sound might still be heard.

"Sister, do not tell me that we shall never see the baby any more. I see it now, and Thomas, too! dear Thomas! Why do they say he died, and was buried? He is close by me, just above my head. There are many more babies with him,—a host. They glide by me, as if they had wings. They look warm and happy. I should

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be glad to be with them, and join their beautiful plays. But O, how cold I am! Cover me closer, Mary. Take my head into your bosom."

"Pray do not go to sleep quite yet, dear little Jane. I want to hear your voice, and to talk with you. It is so very sad to be waking here all alone. If I could but see your face when you are asleep, it would be a comfort. But it is so dark, *so dark!*"

Rousing herself with difficulty, she unties her apron, and spreads it over the head of the child, to protect it from the driving snow; she pillows the cold cheek on her breast, and grasps more firmly the benumbed hand, by which she had so faithfully led her, through all their terrible pilgrimage. There they are! One moves not. The other keeps vigil, feebly giving utterance, at intervals, to a low suffocating spasm, from a throat dried with hunger. Once more she leans upon her elbow, to look on the face of the little one, for whom as a mother she has cared. With love strong as death, she comforts herself, that her sister slumbers calmly, because the stroke of the destroyer has silenced her sobbings.

Ah! why came ye not hither, torches that gleam through the wilderness, and men who shout to each other? why came ye not this way? See! they plunge into morasses, they cut their path through tangled thickets, they ford waters, they

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ascend mountains, they explore forests, but the lost are not found.

The third and fourth nights come, and depart. Still the woods are filled with eager searchers. Sympathy has gathered them from remote settlements. Every log-cabin sends forth what it can spare for this work of pity and of sorrow. They cross each other's track. Incessantly they interrogate and reply. But in vain. The lost are not found!

In her mournful dwelling the mother sat motionless. Her infant was upon her lap. The strong duty to succor its helplessness, grappled with the might of grief, and prevailed. Her eyes were rivetted upon its brow. No sound passed her white lips. Pitying women, from distant habitations, gathered around, and wept for her. They even essayed some words of consolation. But she answered nothing. She looked not towards them. She had no ear for human voices. In her soul was the perpetual cry of the lost. Nothing overpowered it but the wail of her living babe. She ministered to its necessities, and that heaven-inspired impulse saved her. She had no longer any hope for those who had wandered away. Horrible images were in her fancy,—the ravening beast,—black pits of stagnant water,—birds of fierce beak,—venomous, coiling snakes. She

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bowed herself down to them, and travailed as in the birth-hour, fearfully and in silence. But the helpless babe on her bosom touched an electric chord, and saved her from despair. Maternal love, with its pillar of cloud and of flame, guided her through the desert, that she perished not.

Sunday came, and the search was unabated. It seemed only marked by a deeper tinge of melancholy. The most serious felt it fitting to go forth at that sacred season, to seek the lost, though not, like their Master, girded with the power to save. Parents remembered that it might have been their own little ones, who had thus strayed from the fold, and with their gratitude, took something of the mourner's spirit into their hearts. Even the sad hope of gathering the dead for the sepulchre, the sole hope that now sustained their toil, began to fade into doubt. As they climbed over huge trees, which the winds of winter had prostrated, or forced their way among rending brambles, sharp rocks, and close-woven branches, they marvelled how such fragile forms could have endure dhardships by which the vigor of manhood was impeded and perplexed.

The echo of a gun rang suddenly through the forest. It was repeated. Hill to hill bore the thrilling message. It was the concerted signal that their anxieties were ended. The hurrying seekers followed its sound. From a commanding

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cliff, a white flag was seen to float. It was the herald that the lost were found.

There they were,—near the base of a wooded hillock, half cradled among the roots of an uptorn chestnut. There they lay, cheek to cheek, hand clasped in hand. The blasts had mingled in one mesh their dishevelled locks, for they had left home with their poor heads uncovered. The youngest had passed away in sleep. There was no contortion on her brow, though her features were sunk and sharpened by famine.

The elder had borne a deeper and longer anguish. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till death came; watched over that little one, for whom, through those days and nights of terror, she had cared and sorrowed like a mother. Strong and rugged men shed tears, when they saw she had wrapped her in her own scanty apron, and striven with her embracing arms to preserve the warmth of vitality, even after the cherished spirit had fled away. The glazed eyeballs were strained as if to the last they had been gazing for her father's roof, or the wreath of smoke that should guide her there.

Sweet sisterly love! so patient in all adversity, so faithful unto the end, found it not a Father's house, where it might enter with the little one, and be sundered no more? Found it not a fold, whence no lamb can wander and be lost? a man-

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sion where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying? Forgot it not all its sufferings for joy, at that dear Redeemer's welcome, which in its cradle it had been taught to lisp—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Hartford, June 21, 1842.

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NATURE AND GRACE.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

Sweet Poet! Is this all? Then even I
Can teach thee something which thou dost not know;
That which the "natural heart" can ne'er espy,
Nor child, nor man, nor genius can bestow.
The Rainbow doth a sign unfold
Of Love beyond the sky:
So was it when our race began;
So is it now to each good man;
So may it be when I grow old,
And when I die!
But something more than happy childhood knows,
In all its sweet simplicity,—

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(In which, indeed, I 'd have my days to close,
Conjoined with "natural piety,")—
Must come to me from that same Hand,
Which first the glorious Rainbow spanned.
None but this *super*-natural light
Can make my second childhood bright,—
A grace by *Nature* ne'er to mortals given:
And thus I 'd have my lengthened days
Bound each to each in worship and in praise,
Till they are lost in Heaven.

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THE PURITAN HERO.

BY MISS CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

WHY should so much fiction pervade our lighter literature, when the annals of truth furnish such an abundant supply of all that is exciting in incident, elevated in virtue, pure in principle, and romantic in chivalry? Why should an American, who in his own history can find so much that is thrilling and wonderful, turn to the pages of romance, when the realities of truth surpass them?

Sir Harry Vane was the fourth governor of Massachusetts, and the great apostle of the distinctive principles of the Puritan character; regarding religion to be before all other objects, in *civil* as well as social duties, allowing liberty of conscience to all, and believing that constitutional republicanism is the best form of government for the happiness of mankind.

Though, in reference to religious toleration, the Puritans of New-England were not, in all cases, strictly consistent with their principles, no one can deny that the first sect that ever granted entire liberty of conscience, when they had power to

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persecute, were the Puritan Independents, in the day of Cromwell.

Sir Harry Vane is an illustrious example of strict *consistency* in adhering to these principles through the whole of his brilliant career, till he sealed them with his blood.

He was a descendant of one of the noblest families of England. His father was a man of great wealth, owning several estates. He was a distinguished military character, an ambassador to Sweden, and finally one of the chief cabinet ministers to King Charles the First. Thus Sir Harry entered life amid the splendors of a court, with all the advantages that fortune, family, patronage and talents could secure. He passed through one of the universities as a gentleman commoner, and then travelled extensively on the continent, while all the graces and accomplishments of the age were included in the course of his education.

But at the early age of fifteen, his mind became deeply interested in religious truth, and though surrounded and embarrassed by various temptations, he gradually increased in the developments of an elevated Christian character. He very early acquired a dislike for the formalities of the Established Church, and leaned to the more simple views of the Puritan Independents, and during his travels spent several months in theo-

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logical study at Geneva, then the theological emporium of Europe.

His father, a high aristocrat, an opposer of dissent, and one of the chief ministers of state, was greatly disturbed at the course pursued by his son. This occasioned so much disquiet to Sir Harry that he was finally led to join that noble company who forsook country and home for freedom of conscience and a more perfect form of civil liberty in New-England.

The arrival in Boston of the heir of a noble family, the son of a minister of state, the accomplished scholar and gentleman, produced no little sensation. But his interesting manners, his grave and commanding aspect, his extraordinary learning, his simple and sincere piety, and his hearty devotion to the principles that had drawn together this remarkable commonwealth, won for him the highest admiration and love.

He was received with every expression of honor and respect, and in less than a year, by the popular vote, was appointed governor of Massachusetts at the early age of twenty-four. It was at this, his first entrance into political life, that he was called to manifest his adherence to the principles of civil and religious liberty, amid very trying conflicts. At this period, the Puritan Independents of England stood foremost in respect to their principles of civil and religious liberty. The

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most distinguished among their leaders, such as Sir Harry Vane, Hampden, Cromwell, Wilton, Algernon Sydney, Roger Williams, and many others, had gained such full and exalted views as enabled them to act consistently with their principles. But the great body of the Puritans had not made this advance, and that portion of them who came to America, endured and encountered all their sufferings to gain liberty of conscience *for themselves*, being not yet prepared to accord perfect freedom of opinion to others.

At this time appeared one of the most extraordinary women on the annals of history; Mrs. Hutchinson, who for several years was the occasion of one of the greatest civil and religious conflicts that ever agitated the New-England colonies. She was a woman of respectable family and connexions, possessing extraordinary energy, talents and acquirements. In her career, as a religious teacher and innovator, she became a public denouncer of some of the most distinguished clergy and magistrates. Instead of proceeding against her as a disorderly and slanderous person, in which they could justly have been sustained, she was called to account for *heresy*, and exposed to bitter persecution.

Sir Harry possessing the gallantry of the age, and a liberal spirit far beyond it, became the protector of a woman, and a sufferer for con-

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science' sake. The result was, that he lost his popularity, and in the end returned to England. But he left a large circle of warm friends, and ever after was the patron and protector of the American colonies, promoting their interests more effectually in the parent country than he could have done while among them.

On his return to England, he married an accomplished lady of distinguished family, and retiring to private life, pursued his literary and theological studies until the efforts of his friends prevailed on him to accept a seat in the house of Parliament.

But he soon found himself involved in conflicting claims. So great was his genius, so important his influence to government, that though well known as a Puritan, and as one who favored republican principles, he was signalized by various expressions of royal favor. He was appointed treasurer of the navy, and received the honor of knighthood from Charles First, with the title of Sir Harry Vane of Raby Castle.

These distinctions did not change his principles, or prevent the free expression of them, but they rendered his situation perplexing, in reference to his relations with his father, then chief minister of state. He was released from this embarrassment by the king's treatment of his father. The two principal men at the head of government, were Wentworth (afterwards the celebrated Straf-

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ford,) and the father of Sir Harry Vane, the first a favorite with the king, the last supported by the queen.

Raby Castle, with its accompanying estates, was an object of pride and attachment to the family of the Vanes. When Wentworth procured his appointment as Earl of Strafford, he had the influence to secure a patent with the additional title of Baron Raby of Raby Castle, thus directly touching the pride of the Vanes in its most vulnerable point. The father was a man of proud spirit and strong passions, untempered by the religion or refinement of his son. From that moment he pursued Strafford with bitter hatred, till his career closed on the scaffold.

By this insult, the son felt released from all personal obligations to his sovereign, and immediately devoted himself to the public advocacy of those sentiments of political and religious liberty, which may distinctively be styled American principles. In this course he persevered, through evil report and good report, till he sealed his devotion with his blood.

Charles First, failing to gain sufficient supplies of money from his subjects, by illegal and oppressive measures, was finally obliged to summon a Parliament. Sir Harry Vane was elected a member. This was the famous Long Parliament, that embraced such an amount of talent, integri-

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ty, wealth and learning as never was assembled before. This body, Charles was so infatuated as to perpetuate. Of these illustrious patriots and statesmen, Vane was for years the acknowledged leader, and no one could excel him in qualifications for such an arduous position. It is interesting to know, that Sir Harry Vane was one of the lay members of that Westminster Assembly which framed the Shorter Catechism, so well known in this land.

During all this eventful period, he was chief on most of the important committees in Parliament that managed the interests of the various departments of church and state.

That Charles First was an arbitrary violator of the rights and liberties of his people, no one can deny. His chief minister in the church was the cruel and haughty Laud, while Strafford was his guide in state affairs. The simple fact, that this nobleman, in order to gratify his own love of power, could induce the king deliberately to mortify one of his chief ministers and most influential subjects, by the transfer of his title, shows what was to be expected when humbler subjects opposed the royal will. The deliberate system of oppression pursued by Charles and Strafford, was an entire justification of the measures adopted by the Long Parliament to curb the royal power. Their firm, steady, undaunted course exhibits to the

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world one of the noblest specimens of patriotism. Then, the first battle for American principles was fought, and it was because there was no Washington in Cromwell's place, that victory was lost.

Strafford and the elder Vane were both Privy Councillors, and bound by the oath of office to perpetual secrecy as to "all matters treated of in Council." When Parliament was resisting the illegal proceedings of the king, Strafford gave him this treasonable advice before Council. "Sire, you have done your duty—your subjects have failed in theirs—you are absolved from the rules of government—you have *an army* in Ireland with which you may reduce this kingdom." All the Council united in this advice to violate the fundamental principles of government, and to commence a military despotism, except Vane and the Duke of Northumberland.

Vane retired home, and made a memorandum of the transaction, which he locked up in a red velvet cabinet. Soon after, being absent, he sent his keys to his son, directing him to look for certain papers in certain boxes. After finding the papers, he felt some curiosity to examine the red velvet cabinet, probably not doubting his father's willingness. He found and read the memorandum, and was overwhelmed with anxiety and distress at the state of things thus disclosed. He perceived that the king and Strafford were plot-

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ting the ruin of the nation, and that military violence and civil war were deliberately planned. He showed the paper to his parliamentary friend and councillor, the wise and undaunted Pym, who by arguments and persuasion satisfied him that duty to his country was paramount to any other claims. Accordingly Pym was allowed to take a copy, and the original was restored to its place.

Immediately Pym proceeded to the House of Commons, and to the surprise of all, charged the imperious minister with high treason. This charge he supported with most powerful arguments and eloquence, and brought up before the people's representatives the whole array of their wrongs and grievances; but he studiously avoided any allusion to the secret information he had gained. All these evils he attributed to the treasonable advice of Strafford, and proceeded to move that the House of Commons impeach him of high treason.

The House was electrified by his speech, and the motion was carried without a dissenting voice. Immediately the whole House of Commons, with Pym at their head, proceeded to the House of Lords. Meantime Strafford, confined by illness, was plotting a similar course against his opponents; and so eager was he to prosecute it, that he left his bed and proceeded to the House of Lords. He arrived just at the time that the whole

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body of Commons appeared at the bar, with Pym bearing the bill of impeachment. The Lords were as much overwhelmed with astonishment as was Strafford himself. An impeachment, sustained by the whole of the House of Commons, just returned by a new election from the bosom of the people, could not be refused. They voted compliance, and Strafford was arrested and sent to the Tower for trial. These disclosures secured the condemnation of Strafford. He was shortly after executed.

Then followed the bloody contest between the king and his people. In all these sad and mournful scenes, Sir Harry Vane was among the first leaders in Parliament, in camp, and in church affairs. At last both sides were weary, and a negotiation was commenced between the king and Parliament. Vane exerted all his power to gain such terms as would insure the future rights and liberties of the people. The compromise offered to the king, by the majority of the Parliament, he and the republican party believed to be utterly insufficient. But the union of the Presbyterians with the king's friends secured the assent of a majority of Parliament to the measures deemed so disastrous by Vane and his party. But he submitted to the will of the majority. Not so Cromwell. At his instigation, military force was applied, and forty members of Parliament were

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arrested, thus changing the majority to the republican side. Shocked and disgusted at this gross violation of republican principles, Vane immediately retired to private life. In the trial and execution of the king, he took no part, but expressed decided disapprobation. After this event, a Council of State was organized to take the place of the king.

Sir Harry Vane was solicited to become a member. He declined, but after Cromwell had taken great pains to convince him of his sincere devotion to republican principles, he consented to overcome his reluctance, on condition that the oath of office should be so modified as not to express approbation of the condemnation and death of the king. He was immediately appointed President of the Council, and five of the most brilliant years of English renown were during his administration. He planned and conducted the famous naval war, when Blake and Van Tromp contended for the empire of the sea, and in order to furnish means for this conflict, he relinquished his salary of office, amounting to £30,000 *per ann.*

It was at this time, also, that Vane, in conjunction with Algernon Sydney, urged through Parliament the same plan of Reform that has been recently carried by the Reform party of England. He brought it to the very point of success, when Cromwell foresaw that the success of this bill

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would thwart his ambitious plans; for a Parliament constructed on such republican principles, would be a perpetual bar to his power, and he again resorted to military violence. He entered Parliament just as the bill was about to pass, and actually turned the members out of doors. Thus ended the famous Long Parliament. Thus ended the hopes of those patriots, who had toiled so gloriously for the rights and liberties of the people. Their disappointment was as great as would have been that of American patriots, had Washington, at the end of the war, made himself supreme dictator by the instrumentality of his army.

Sir Harry Vane, grieved and disappointed, again retired to Raby Castle.

Cromwell issued a proclamation calling on the people to observe a fast, "for the discovery of the Achan who had so long obstructed *the settlement of the nation.*"

Sir Harry Vane took him at his word, and immediately drew up his views of that form of government best suited to the peace and welfare of the nation. It is pronounced, by the best judges, to be one of the most remarkable political papers ever written. It contains the first development ever made of that system of republicanism which opposes the tyranny of democratic majorities by a written *constitution* superior to the popular vote. Sir Harry Vane has the honor of first developing

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this distinctive peculiarity of American institutions.

He closed this paper with a firm, respectful and decided remonstrance with Cromwell, for his flagrant violation of his principles. He knew the unlimited power of Cromwell, and how keenly he would resent this course; but "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," he spoke his fearless opinion.

From this moment Vane was the object of distrust, and fear, and persecution. He was summoned before Council, and charged as the author of a seditious work, and required to give bonds that he would "do nothing to the prejudice of the existing government." With great dignity and firmness Vane denied the authority of the Council. "I am well content," said he, "to take this mark of honor from those who send it, as the reward of former services. I cannot but observe, in this proceeding with me, how exactly they tread in the steps of the late king, whose designs being to set the government free from all restraints of law, thought he could employ no better means than by casting into obloquy and disgrace all who desired to preserve the laws and liberties of the nation. It is with no small grief to be lamented, that the evil and wretched principles, by which the late king aimed to work out his designs, should now arise and spring up under the hands of men professing godliness."

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So spake the patriot, "and his grave rebuke, severe in manly beauty, added grace invincible." The usurper "stood abashed," and "felt how awful goodness is, and saw virtue in her shape how lovely; saw and pined his loss."

Immediately Vane was arrested and imprisoned, but so great odium and discontent followed, that he was released. Then commenced a series of vexatious lawsuits and persecutions to deprive him of his great estates, while he meantime was duly informed that submission would save him from these evils. But he was neither to be flattered nor frightened from his principles. He held fast his integrity until death ended the usurper's rule.

Richard Cromwell took his father's place, and summoned a Parliament. Sir Harry Vane was instantly returned, and in his first speech demolished the frail Protector. Richard Cromwell abdicated; the famous Long Parliament, which had never been legally dissolved, reassembled, and Vane again was at the head of affairs.

But by bribery Monk was seduced to the king, and carried over the army. The licentious Charles was restored, Vane was arrested as a traitor, and, after a mock trial, condemned and executed. At the restoration, Vane had foreseen that he would be the victim of the republican party. He knew the offences charged on him equally in-

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volved his fellow-patriots. He determined, therefore, to contend at every step of his trial for all the rights and protection granted by law, not merely for his own sake, but chiefly for the sake of others.

This resolution he carried through, with inimitable skill, dignity and power.

When Vane was called to answer "whether he had any thing to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced," he rose with an air as if he not only had something, but a great deal to say. He then commenced by claiming, as he had done at his trial, that his indictment should be read in Latin. After some debate this was done. He next claimed legal counsel. This was refused. He next offered a bill of exceptions, which, according to law, the judges were required to sign, thus removing the cause to the higher court. He read the express statute requiring this. This staggered the court, but after much evasion, the judges refused. But he would not relinquish it till each of the judges, one after the other, assumed the responsibility of refusing. He next required the reading of the petition of Parliament, and the king's promise not to take his life, which was done. He then reminded the court, who began to show signs of impatience under this searching management, that there were certain questions of law to be settled before sentence could be pronounced. He then brought forward the points

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argued by him at his trial. When he came to the point, "whether the king, being out of possession, could have high treason committed against him," the court broke out, that "the king was *never out of possession.*" Sir Harry instantly replied, with great coolness, that then his indictment must fall, for the charge was endeavoring to "*keep out*" his Majesty. By this time the judges were so exasperated, that Sir Harry ceased, and calmly folding up his papers, he appealed from that tribunal to the righteous judgment of God. Sentence was then pronounced and he was allowed three days to prepare for death. In this time he framed some of the most beautiful addresses to his family, which are still preserved.

"Listen," said he, "to the experience of your father, in this dying hour, and season of darkness, who can and doth here give a good report of that heavenly and better country to which he is now going. My imprisonment and hard usage from men have driven me nearer to God, and more alienated and disentangled my mind from the snares and cumbrances of this mortal state. The Lord revive whatever there is of that faith of Abraham in you, and grant it may more and more appear in my family after I am gone hence and no more seen in my mortal body." When his friends came to part, he said, "I bless the Lord I have not had any discomposure of spirits these

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two years; but I do wait on the Lord till he be pleased to put an end to these days of mine, knowing that I shall change for the better. For in Heaven there is an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus the blessed Mediator. There are holy and just laws, a pure government, blessed and holy company, every one doing their duty. Here, we want all these. Why should we be unwilling to leave this estate and go to that?" When he separated from his family, the struggle was deep and painful. As he blessed and kissed them, he exclaimed, "The Lord bless you, and be a better Father to you. I can willingly leave this place and outward enjoyments, for those I shall meet in a better country. I have made it my business to acquaint myself with the society of Heaven. Be not troubled, for I am going home to my Father." As they left his presence, he exclaimed, "There is some flesh remaining yet, but I must cast it behind me, and press forward to my Father."

When he came to the scaffold, he showed that noble, calm and Christian-like deportment worthy his exalted life and character. Thousands upon thousands stood around and gazed with varied and breathless interest. Then, silence being commanded, resting his hands upon the rails, and taking a very serious, composed and majestic view of

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the people, he began an address to the multitude. Soon the interest thus produced alarmed the government officers, and the trumpeters were ordered to sound, and, after repeated vain attempts, he turned, and raising his hands and eyes, made this solemn declaration:—

"I do here appeal to the great God of Heaven, to this assembly, and to all other persons, to show if I have defiled my hands with any man's blood or estate, or that I have sought myself in any public capacity or place I have been in." Immediately the trumpets again interrupted his voice. He then simply said, "It is a bad cause that cannot bear the words of a dying man."

When order and silence were restored, he commenced his more immediate preparation for death, by offering a prayer, and his clear, manly voice was heard with holy fervor, saying:—

"The heaven is thy throne, O Lord! and the earth is thy footstool, but to this man wilt thou look, even to him who is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at thy word. Thine eyes, O Lord, run to and fro through the whole earth. Thou art the supreme disposer of all the kingdoms of men, giving them to whomsoever thou wilt. Whatever cross blows thou sufferest to thy people for a season, thou orderest all to thine own glory and their true advantage. But thou hast set a time for deliverance. Let the exceed-

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ing near approach of this, bear up the spirits of thy poor despised ones, in this day of suffering and extremity, from sinking and despondency. Carry them through their suffering part, with a holy triumph, in the chariots of salvation. How long, O Lord, holy and true! Make haste to help thy people. Dear Father, thou sendest us into this world, but this is not our home—we are strangers and pilgrims in it, as all our fathers were. We have no abode here, but there is a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

At the conclusion of the prayer, as, clothed in black velvet robes, he knelt to receive the stroke, looking up, he said, "I bless the Lord, who hath accounted me worthy to suffer for his name. Blessed be the Lord that I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day. I bless the Lord that I have not deserted the righteous cause for which I suffer." As he bowed his head to the block, he uttered these words: "Father, glorify thy servant, that he may glorify thee in the discharge of his duty to thee and to his country."

The blow that ended his life, sent a shudder through weeping thousands—it was felt to the utmost bound of the empire—it well nigh shook the king from his throne.

Thus perished this noble, wise and virtuous man, this humble, faithful, devout Christian, this dignified, learned and illustrious patriot, this first

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and noblest patron of American liberty, this martyr to those American principles of civil and religious freedom, that are now the day-star of hope to admiring nations.

And now, it may be inquired, why has such a statesman, hero and Christian been hid in oblivion? Why have the patriots, the scholars, the nobility, the gentry, the Christians embraced in the Puritan party been dealt with by historians and novelists as low-born, ignorant, hypocritical fanatics? Do even Americans know that their forefathers were so large a portion of them from the wisest, noblest, and most learned portion of their mother land? that the daughters of earls and archbishops, the sons of peers and gentlemen, were among the first pilgrims to these shores? Is it known that almost all the clergy of New-England, for more than a hundred years, were the graduates of the highest universities? Why is this? It is because republicanism has been unpopular in England—because a strict religion has been offensive—because most of the historians and novelists have been either tories, or infidels, or both. But the day is fast advancing when the illustrious dead shall rise from their ignominious rest, to be known, admired and venerated by all who honor virtue and reverence God.

Hartford, Ct.

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FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

"He opened the rock and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river."

He spake, and from the barren rock
A crystal fountain burst;
Streams through the arid desert ran
To slake the traveller's thirst:
O! joyous shouts were borne to heaven
For that new type of mercy given.

They drank—the way-worn host of God—
And every languid eye
Looked bright again, as stars gleam out
When the deep clouds pass by;
How grateful to the burning brow
Was that cool fount's luxuriant flow!

O! deemed they not its worth beyond
The costliest diadem?
Would aught of finest gold compare,
Or pearl, or lustrous gem,
With those pure bubbles, as they broke
All glistening from the desert rock?

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Love burned anew, and notes of praise
  Arose to Abraham's God,
While yet again their pilgrimage
  With cheerful feet they trod;
Onward—a chosen, joyful band—
They hastened to the promised land.

Behold! a better fount appears
  In life's drear wilderness,
Whence streams of "living water" flow,
  The thirsty soul to bless;
Forth from a Rock it issues, free
And boundless as eternity.

The fevered spirit rose oppressed
  With earthly wo and care;
The weary, and the guilty too,
  May find refreshment there;
Hope springs and blossoms like the rose
Where this celestial fountain flows.

Come nigh, ye pilgrims, faint and worn;
  For you a fount has burst;
A Rock is opened mid the waste:
  Come, freely quench your thirst;
Then as on eagles' wings arise,
And soar for your immortal prize!

Rochester, N. Y., July, 1842.

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WATERLOO, THE RHINE, AND CHAMOUNY.

BY REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

In the rich and beautiful city of Brussels, a traveller will at first be likely to forget every thing in the thought that he is within a few hours' ride of Waterloo. The road from Brussels to Waterloo, like many of the public roads on the Continent, is paved in the centre, between sloughs on each side, with flat, rough stones, making you think with complacency of the round paving stones, which you had perhaps already considered sufficiently barbarous. As you ride on, you are startled at the full length figure of Christ, in wood, upon a cross at the road side, and this sight meets you in Belgium as often as once in six or eight miles. A solemn and sad impression is involuntarily forced upon you. A little cell or chapel frequently stands near the cross, where the Papist may turn aside for his devotions, or to deposit his offerings. Now you pass through an extensive forest, the forest of Ardennes, bordering the road, and your heart beats at the thought of

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the hour when the feet of armed men passed that road on their way to the tremendous conflict.

"And Ardennes waved above them her green leaves,"

as now above the thoughtful traveller. The gloom of the forest suits the moody and sad reflections which crowd upon you, as you pass on, till the few scattered habitations of Waterloo appear, and the Belgian Lion, a large bronze figure on the top of an immense mound of earth, admonishes you that you have reached the battle-field.

We took for our guide a spectator of the battle, a sergeant of dragoons in the British army, and made our way over the ploughed land, to the mound. Several boys, who watch for travellers, and offer them relics from the battle-field, came to us, and warranted some battered bullets, and rusty brass buttons, and ends of bayonets, fragments of gunlocks, flints, and shreds of epaulettes. We climbed to the Belgian Lion, and surveyed the field. Nothing but a dead level for a hemisphere of half a mile is before you. On your right are the remains of a brick chateau, or country seat; here and there rail fences divide the cultivated parts of the field, and green herbage of small and sparse growth meets your eye. In the distance, opposite the Lion, are one or two cottages; in all, there are life and growth enough only to make the desolateness of the place more im-

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pressive. We walked over the ploughed land—our guide, with his practised eye, looking in the furrows for bullets and buttons, and pointing to the spot where he had a horse shot under him in the battle, and leading the way to a small knoll on the right of the field. Under that knoll, a little in advance of the British line, and sufficiently high to protect them from the enemy's fire, Wellington and his staff made their head-quarters during the day. A hundred rods beyond it towards the right is the brick chateau and its long brick wall. Here stood the right wing of the British army, defended by this house and wall, and this, with the knoll, were two of the prominent points in the field, which led Wellington, riding over the ground a few days before the battle, to fix on his position. Against that house and wall, the French directed their main force for a long time. The wall is battered by shot of all sizes; the house and its gate-way bear evident marks of the edge of battle. In that gate-way thousands fell in heaps; some of the bravest generals of noble blood in the British army died in that passage. The balances of the day were to turn upon the forcing or the successful defence of that gate. At last the French succeeded in setting the chateau on fire; but the fire soon went out, or was put out, though the Papists do not hesitate to tell you that it went out, and why. In the lower room,

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the farthest from the side of attack, the floor of the room still covered with plastering and broken laths, hangs a wooden figure of Christ, partly burnt, which hung there during the battle. The fire burned till it came to this figure of Christ, scorched the feet, and then went out of its own accord. You might as well hope to convince a Papist that there was no battle, as that the figure of Christ in the chapel did not save the chateau, and the British army. The love of the marvellous and superstition blinds the Papist to the inconsistency of believing that the figure should thus have interposed itself in favor of the heretics. Historians, however, tell us that nothing could have saved the building or the right wing of the British army, had not Blucher, with his reinforcement, turned the fortunes of the day. It was interesting, after passing through that gateway, and thinking of the agony of battle which filled that yard, to turn the eye in the direction in which Blucher advanced with his troops. The French had fired the houses and woods on the road where they knew he must pass; his ammunition, therefore, being detained, for some time his approach was slow, till at length that last and fearful shout and onset proclaimed the victory. It was evening when the battle turned; Bonaparte fled to his carriage and escaped all night. The fortunes of half Europe were decided; but alas!

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by what carnage! Under the great mound, the bones of the British, and Russian, and Austrian, and Prussian, and of the French, are entombed together;—the allied army and their brave enemy making a forced alliance under the King of terrors.

THE RHINE.

After one day's navigation on the Rhine from Cologne, you come to Coblenz. Then you begin to wonder what has given the Rhine his fame. To an American it is a small and insignificant stream, and during the first day's voyage, you praise the Ohio and canonize the Hudson. The idea of sailing by vineyards all day is exceedingly poetical, but more so than the reality. You see vines, not higher than our common pea, covering the hill sides far and near; it is only because you know that grapes and wine are produced there, that the sight has interest for you. Arriving at Coblenz to spend the night, you inquire whether you are to be as much disappointed in the next day's voyage. But you find enough at Coblenz to repay you for your disappointment. You go to the old Church where the sons of Charlemagne met, after their father's death, to divide his dominion, of France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. In the public square you see a monument erected by the French, in a proud and

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self-confident spirit, when they were on their way to Moscow; and underneath their inscription, you read another, written by the Russians when they chased the French back to Coblenz;—an inscription of sarcastic wit: "*Vuè et approvè*," &c., "Viewed and approved by us, the commander of the Russians, and permitted to stand."

On the opposite side of the river over against Coblenz, is the renowned impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, of majestic height, commanding the river for a great distance, and showing you its beautiful meanderings. Here you see the charming Moselle emptying into the Rhine its peculiar blue waters, and for some distance retaining its color in the stream.

You are on your way by early dawn from Coblenz to Mayence. The scenery of the Rhine begins to change. You come into its highlands. The river bends among the hills. An old castle looks down upon you from the brow of a hill, and, consulting your guide book, you find that some legend is connected with its history. Suddenly the river winds into a narrow defile, and then sweeping round a promontory with another old castle upon it, you find yourself apparently in a lake shut in behind and before; castles and towers thicken upon you, stories of war and love are crowded too near together as you eagerly seek to

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identify each of the ruins in your books, when suddenly the stream glides out into the straight river, and by other ruined fortresses and baronial palaces. There is Metternich's residence at Johannisberg, and the famous Johannisberg Vineyards to tantalize your sight. Here is the castle of Bishop Hatto, well known to children, by Southey's ballad, as having oppressed the poor during a hard winter, and who, fleeing from the rats and mice to his castle on the Rhine, was one night assailed by armies of them who had swum the river in pursuit of him.

> "They whetted their teeth against the stones,
> And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
> They gnaw the flesh from every limb,
> For they were sent to do judgment on him."

Tales of romantic adventure, founded on the early history of these castles and their baronial owners, have become identified with the German mind, and you see in the Rhine and its ruined castles, one of the secret sources of German enthusiasm and love of the ideal. The youthful student, wandering along the banks of the river, has his romantic feelings nurtured by the sight of these ruins. Associations of martial prowess, of apparitions, of gallantry, of imprisoned and murdered or rescued women, judgments from heaven,

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wandering exiles, solitudes, with the river for one of their defences, and impregnable fortresses for the other, all serve to cherish the love of the imaginative and the marvellous. After thinking of these influences of the river on national character, you can easily account for the singular love and enthusiasm with which it is regarded. When the Austrian army were returning from a foreign campaign, the effect upon them of the first sight of the Rhine was electrical. The Rhine! The Rhine! was their shout, echoed by the rear ranks as they rushed to have a view of the stream.

CHAMOUNY.

The morning of our arrival at Chamouny, a cold, rainy atmosphere threatened to disappoint us. We rode up to the village in silence, preparing our minds for a sad disappointment. We were ignorant how near we were to the mountain, as it was enveloped in fog, till one of us happened to look out at the side of the carriage, and saw a singular sight in the heavens. Far higher than any terrestrial object that we had ever seen, there appeared in the midst of the fog an intensely brilliant spot. It was not the sun struggling through the mist, for it was towards the north. We hailed it as the reflection of the sun from the icy peak of Mont Blanc. In Martin's

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engravings of Belshazzar's feast, and of the Crucifixion, but more especially in his representations of the Celestial City in the Pilgrim's Progress, he throws in light at a great distance from the spectator, giving him the idea of immense distance between him and the place of that light. This view of Mont Blanc brought that representation of the Celestial City forcibly to mind. "Far off its coming shone." When we reached the inn, the first thing was to look for that distant, celestial vision. To our surprise and joy, the mist was fast rolling up, and disclosing the sides of the mountain higher and still higher, till at last it uncovered the region of perpetual snow, and as we exulted at the sight, the whole cloud rolled over the peak, and exposed the summit crowned with everlasting ice, the morning sun behind it, the clear, cold blue sky above it; and though two other peaks, each higher than the preceding, appeared, the first, besides being the nearest, had become the object of a sort of grateful love.

Having gazed a long time without satiety at the icy peak, we prepared to ascend the contiguous range, and see the famous Mer de Glace, or sea of ice, in the mountains. Our guide and his boy appeared, with mules, and long poles pointed with iron. We began to ascend, but the path seemed impracticable for man or beast. It winds in some places wholly round, is very nar-

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row and precipitous, and is full of loose rocks. The feet of the well-trained mules took safe steps, so that we let them pick their way, and at length whatever sensation approaching to fear we may first have had changed to delight. We were soon beyond the line of vegetation, on barren earth and rocks. We paused, and looked down on the beautiful vale of Chamouny. The bells of the flocks, the din of the village, the rushing streams, the sound of the horn, the glorious day above and around us, the soft, October landscape, the keen, bracing air of the mountain, were exhilarating. Reaching a small table land, we left the mules, and prepared to descend upon the sea of ice. It fills a valley of small extent, proceeding from a narrow defile, and consists of a body of solid ice, rough but not broken, as though an acre of the ocean had been suddenly arrested by freezing. Its depth is estimated to be from three hundred to five hundred feet. The melting snows have flowed from the surrounding mountains for ages into that valley, the frost has suddenly enchained them; the thaws and frosts of successive summers and winters have thus contributed to increase the body of ice till it has reached its present thickness. It will continue to increase forever while there is any snow or ice on the peaks above it for the summer's sun to melt and transfer to the mighty frozen stream by the aid of the

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quick returning frost. Chasms a foot wide yawn here and there in the ice, tempting you to bring stones and throw them in. You hear them strike for a long time against the sides of the chasm as they descend, till their noise is lost in the sound of the waters which you hear rushing far down in their inaccessible channels. Though the extent of surface on the Mer de Glace disappointed us, its depth, and the thought of the centuries in which that frozen stream had been forming there, sustained our expectations. Opposite the place where you descend to the ice, are two peaks, near together, and higher than Mont Blanc, consisting of splintered, sharp granite. They lift their straight points into the sky, entirely bare, gray, weather-worn and old, and afford you opportunities for meditation, and, if you please, moralizing, about the flight of time, and solitude, and stillness above the reach of storms.

We spent three hours in the ascent, including the most of an hour at the sea of ice, and were absent from the village, in all, about five or six hours. As we reached the village on our return, the sun was hid behind the hills opposite Mont Blanc, but the head of the mountain yet shone with sunbeams. The stars appeared, but Mont Blanc still bore a crown of sunlight on his icy head, and did not fade till long after darkness had covered us. We rose at four o'clock to see the

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mountain herald the dawn. It was midnight darkness below, but the top of the mountain was fast receiving the rays of the sun. It was a singular and beautiful sensation to look up through the shades of night, and see perfect daylight there. We rode away before sunrise, and as we passed the pools of water on the road, we saw the mountain top reflected in them with its crown of light. All day we had receding views of the mountain, and when it was dark, and the sun had ceased to play on its summit, we could discern the outline of the gray top in the surrounding night. It had gone to sleep, or, rather, it was more like death, and yet a sublime and beautiful death—like Moses dying on Horeb, earth falling asleep in the embrace of heaven.

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TO MY INFANT IN HEAVEN.

BY PROF. S. F. SMITH.

Ascended, dearly loved, in life's young bud,
Too fair, too sweet, mid earth's rude blasts to stay,—
Safe in the bosom of thy Father, God—
Bright, beauteous infant, from thy cumbering clay
So soon escaped, its happy heavenward way
Thy soul hath taken. Like the light of morn,
Thou didst shed on us one fair passing ray,
Then to thy glorious Source, thou, babe, wast borne.

Dear infant angel! safe in joy and God!
Babe of fair promise, child of fondest prayer!
Hail, rescued spirit! painful is the rod—
But never will we mourn that thou art there,
Bright gem, we would not tear thee from thy crown,
Nor bid thy harp, sweet seraph, silent lie;
Stay in thy mansion, infant, still our own—
Never to grieve again, or fear, or die.

Short was thy pilgrim path—a sunny hour—
Life was to thee too sweet a boon to last;
What joy it gave thee, gentle morning flower!
How soon the glorious pageant o'er thee passed.
Passed! Yes, from earth; but fairer life is thine;
The vale of death thy little foot hath trod;
And now in life immortal thou dost shine,
Dear infant, in the paradise of God.

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PERILS OF THE DEEP.

BY REV. CHARLES ROCKWELL,

Author of Foreign Travel, and Life at Sea.

"I've seen at morn a stainless sky,
A heaven as blue as beauty's eye;
But long ere noon destruction's form
Was riding on the whirlwind storm.

"I've seen the bark with snowy sail
Ride proudly on the swelling gale;
I've turned again,—the mountain wave
Was wreathing o'er her coral grave."

It is indeed a pleasant and a goodly sight, to see a noble and gallant ship, with her wide-spread canvas opened to the breeze, as with a cloudless sky above, and gently running waves around, she leaves the land behind, and boldly ventures forth upon the deep. Perchance, too, some smaller craft in the distance may help to relieve the eye, and fill up the background of this glowing picture,—this wide expanse of living waters, rejoicing in the light of day. And yet in view of such a scene will darker thoughts intrude on one familiar with the sea; for full well he knows, that from some open casement, or projecting head-

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land, weeping eyes look out upon that gallant ship; and those who tread her deck, though fearless of the tempest's rage, with saddened hearts gaze back upon the land, mindful of the trying, anxious fears of a devoted sister, wife, or mother, who deeply grieve lest they should see no more those who thus go forth upon the deep.

Still, how many are there who know not, or but lightly heed, the great and peculiar perils of seamen, by means of which the richly-varied and abundant fruits of commerce are placed within our reach! How few indeed are there, who, as they sit by their quiet firesides, or well-furnished tables, reflect how many precious lives have been periled upon the deep, or amid the diseases of sickly climes, to supply the various articles of comfort, or of luxury, which every where surround them! How many of these things have been purchased at the cost of human life! for the wail of the widow and the cry of the fatherless, the tears of grief-stricken parents, and the moaning anguish of a lovely and beloved sister, or, if such a thing might be, of one still dearer to the heart, as with bitter wo they mourn for such as fell where those dearest to them might not smooth their dying pillow, nor close their eyes in death;—these things teach us somewhat of the fearful cost of those blessings of life, which we too often receive and enjoy, with scarce a thought

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of their origin, or of our indebtedness to those who have placed them within our reach.

I have thus alluded to the perils of the sea, not as matters of hearsay, or of distant speculation, but as things of distinct, vivid, and ever-present reality to my mind. The whole of my professional life, thus far, has been spent among seamen; at first as connected with the naval service of our country, wandering, for years, over distant seas, sharing with the sailor the varied perils and high excitement of his wild, eventful course of life, striving to check him in his career of sin, and guide him to the Ark of Safety, and seeing more than thirty of my shipmates cut off by deadly accidents, or the diseases of sickly climes, and cast into an ocean grave, or placed beneath the soil of foreign lands. More recently my field of labor has been a small, but populous, projecting headland on the coast of New-England, which, washed on either side by the waves of the ocean, sends forth almost the whole of its male population, for a portion of their lives at least, to brave the perils of the deep. Hence we number by hundreds those who are, or have been, officers of merchant vessels, and there is scarce a boy among us, who does not hope one day to walk the monarch of the Quarter Deck. As a result of this exposure to disease and deadly accidents on every sea, and in distant sickly climes, we are often

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called to mourn the loss of those who, having left us with high-wrought hopes, return to us no more; but just when their friends, with open arms, and yearning hearts, were waiting to receive them, the tidings of their death have come, or the ship in which they sailed is never heard of more, for devouring flames or the raging ocean waves have seized it as their prey.

In vain have those thus cut off when far removed from all they loved, longed for the quiet, and the kind attentions of their own dear homes, the solace of a wife, or a sister's tender watching and a mother's untold love; and in vain, too, have they, with the Patriarch, exclaimed,—"Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father, and of my mother." Their friends at home, too, when visited by such sudden and unexpected afflictions, feel that never sorrow was like unto their sorrow. To visit them as a Pastor at such times, is indeed to weep with those who weep; for who could then restrain his tears, though no human sympathy can reach the extremity of their wo?

To show the number and frequency of these losses, we might allude to the fact, that, in the year 1837, fifteen seamen were lost from the town where I labor, and sixty-nine from the county; and at the same time there were in the town

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one hundred and twenty-three widows of seamen, and nine hundred and fourteen of the same class in a county of but little more than thirty thousand inhabitants. Four or five hundred vessels are commonly wrecked each year on the coast of the United States alone, and near one thousand seamen perish with them. Besides these, many of our vessels are wrecked on foreign shores, or leave port and are heard of no more, to say nothing of the loss of life by disease in sickly climes.

I have, however, spoken above, only of the losses of common years; but when diseases rage in sickly ports, at home and abroad, or destructive storms prevail, the number of American seamen who perish during a single year may be computed by thousands. In the gale of October, 1841, for example, fourteen bodies of seamen were picked up on our beach, or taken from wrecked vessels which were driven into our harbor; and sad indeed was it to see their unknown remains, without a single mourner, borne to the "Strangers' Grave Yard," there to rest with other shipwrecked seamen, who, in years gone by, had been cast upon our shores. But sadder yet was it, when some of their friends came from a distance, to go with them to unbury the dead, and see them there recognize, in the crew of a single vessel wrecked upon our coast, the remains

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of those, by whose death seven women were left widows, and forty children fatherless. From another vessel were taken the bodies of those who belonged to a town not far distant from us, fifty-seven of whose male inhabitants, from the boy of twelve to the man of fifty, perished during that fearful gale, leaving twenty-one widows, and fifty-five fatherless children. Their tale of sorrow, told with the simple and heart-rending eloquence of truth, was sent by the press through the length and breadth of our land; and thus were the widow and the fatherless cheered by the ready and abundant charity of the wealthy and the good.

When, some time since, I visited my friend, the Pastor of this stricken flock, it was indeed most affecting to hear him tell of the scenes of wo he had witnessed. For two successive Sabbaths after the gale, at the close of public service, the whole of his congregation went together to the highlands, which overlooked the sea, and there, long and anxiously they sought for some traces of the lost, until, as night came on, in sadness and sorrow, they returned to their dwellings, made desolate by death. For a week or more, the Pastor did not go abroad, for having early in his ministry, in repeated instances, injudiciously gone to bear to the bereaved, tidings of the loss of friends at sea, he was looked upon, wherever

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he went, as a messenger of evil. And hence, when at length he *did* go forth to comfort the afflicted, all rushed to their windows as he passed, filled with deep anxiety, lest he should enter with a tale of wo. When approaching one house, a man met him, saying,—"For God's sake *don't* come in here, for the women are now all trembling with fear lest you have come with evil tidings, and it would entirely overcome them should you go in." As he passed along, he came to a woman who was weeping bitterly in the street, for she had just heard of the loss of her only boy. In trying to comfort her, he went with her to the house of a neighbor, and as he entered the door, the woman of the house exclaimed,—"O, Sir! you have come to tell me that my three sons are lost." "O, no," said he, "I have heard nothing of your sons." "Yes, indeed you have," she replied; "you need not deny it;" and then again she wept and wailed most bitterly. Poor woman; her sons never returned to her again, but her Pastor knew not then of her loss.

One of my nearest neighbors is an aged widow, four of whose sons, two together, at different times, went forth upon the deep, as masters and mates of the vessels in which they sailed, and were never heard of more. Sad, indeed, is it to hear the sigh of broken-hearted anguish with which she speaks of her loss. She once said

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to me, that after the first two were lost, and she had begun to fear for the safety of the others, she prayed to God that if these, too, were gone, she might then die, for she felt that she could not bear such another stroke as the first had been to her. Late in the year 1840, a small vessel went forth from our harbor, with three men on board, and was heard of no more. Thus were three widows and ten children left desolate, and almost destitute in the world. Some months after this, I was called to a scene of joyous mirth. The bridegroom, bright and healthful, and the youthful bride, were there united by the tenderest earthly ties. But few weeks had elapsed, when a floating wreck was found upon the deep. No news of those who sailed in the vessel ever reached us. That union, so recently formed, was thus severed by death, and five of my neighbors sunk together to a watery grave. One of them had just reared a large and costly mansion near my own dwelling, but the widow and the fatherless are now its only inmates, for he who was the light of their eyes, and the joy of their heart, has left them to return no more. In that same vessel, too, were the stay and staff of the lonely widow, and he who, trained to the orphan's lot, has followed to the land of silence those who gave him birth.

Thus, in a community like ours, we have every

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where around us, sad and most impressive evidence of the perils of the sea. We have but to ask the few among us, who reach the period of old age, where are now the companions of their youth. We may, too, hear from those who for many years have been upon the deep, the tale of their hair-breadth escapes from death, by shipwreck and disease. Or shall we rather go to that young and weeping widow, on whose brow the bridal wreath had scarce faded when the mourner's weeds of wo displaced it? for the husband of her youth had sunk to rise no more. Or turn we to those other lone ones, who mourn the loss of those they loved, and as their orphan babes look up to them for bread, they know not where to find it? Shall we go to those broken-hearted parents, whose fair and lovely boy, the pride and joy of their hearts, met with death in a foreign land, and whose last words of devoted affection for them, and of pious resignation to the will of God, though treasured up in their inmost souls, still lead them the more deeply to feel how great has been their loss? Or shall we turn to that poor and aged widow, whose husband, long, long years ago, fell a victim to the perils of the deep, and whose noble and manly sons have, in succession, sunk beneath the same devouring waves, until one, alone, was left, the only stay of

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her lone and widowed heart? And he, too, went forth upon the deep, that thus he might secure the means by which to smooth his mother's rugged pathway to the grave. And as, in the deep anxiety and deathlike sadness of her heart, she gave that son her farewell blessing, then, rushing to her closet, prayed that God would spare his life, still she feared that he was gone forever, and in the freshness of her grief, feeling more for the living than for the lost, there was to her a sad reality in the words of the Prophet, where he says,—"Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." That son, alas! she never saw again; and as in that mother's heart hope sickened to despair, still she could not wholly give him up. She could not but believe that he might yet survive, and that some passing ship, or distant shore, or island of the sea, had saved him in the hour of peril; and for long, long years, the midnight barking of the watch-dog, the passing footstep, or the rustling leaf, suggested for a moment to her mind the hope, that now her son had come; and then, as these sounds passed away, and the transient light of hope was gone, a keener pang of despair succeeded, and in the anguish of her soul she cried,—"Joseph is not,

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and Simeon is not, and thou hast taken away Benjamin, also: O my son, would God I had died for thee—my son—my son."

Reader, hast thou a hand to give and a heart to pray?—then forget not the tempted and tempest-tossed mariner; and when, seated by thy own quiet fireside, thou hearest the raging storm without, or when its wild and angry howling wakes thee from thy midnight slumbers, pray to God for those upon the deep, that he would save them from impending death, and guide them to the ark of safety, and the haven of Eternal Rest.

Chatham, Mass.

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THE CHILD'S BENEDICTION.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I KNEW it not, sweet child, or I
Had smothered that desponding sigh,
  For it hath checked thy joyous song;
Thine eye with tears it filleth now,
A shadow resteth on thy brow—
  My child, my child, I did thee wrong!

What dost thou whisper in mine ear?—
Sweet words, "God bless thee, Mother dear!"
  My own fond one, thou art to me
A hope, a blessing and a guide—
No more shall doubt and fear abide;
  I'll meekly learn my faith of thee.

"God bless thee!"—gentle words and kind,
The offspring of a trusting mind—
  They bear a pledge, when lips like thine,
Forgetting childhood's random speech,
Do thus a higher lesson teach,
  And mystic words like these combine.

God shield thee, for a heart like thine,
Where truth and tenderness combine,

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Alas! is doomed too much to know
Of sympathies all vainly spent—
Of love to blinding worship lent—
And all life's strange and hidden wo.

God shield thee, my poor, gentle boy!
Would that the cup of life and joy,
Dashed from thy mother's lips away,
Might with thine own of fate be blended,
And all the ill for thee intended,
Upon her bosom only prey.

New York, 20th July, 1842.

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OLD GRAHAM THE BEGGAR.

BY JOHN INMAN.

If there be one moral truth more clearly established than another—one the proof of which, beyond all others, is constantly within and around us and before our eyes—it would seem to be that which proclaims the hollowness and worthlessness of human distinctions; the artificial and conventional distinctions, that is, of birth and station, which men first create among themselves, and then fall down and worship. Every epoch of human life—every incident of human fortunes—every phase of human existence, proclaims, in language which stupidity itself cannot fail to understand, that the human race is a brotherhood of common origin and common liabilities; and that no height of genius, no extent of power, no acquisition of knowledge, can do away the community of subjection to infirmity, misfortune, disease and death, which is the characteristic of mortal being. "There is no royal road to mathematics," said the pedagogue, when his royal pupil complained of geometrical hardships; the prince,

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alike with the peasant, must gather up the riches of science by the toil of his own brains, or not at all. The queen must bring forth her children in great pain and peril, as well as the humblest of her subjects. The king or emperor, though he be autocrat of a hundred Russias, or, like Napoleon, lord paramount of sovereign vassals without number, must eat or he will die of hunger; must drink as often as the beggar to whom a cup of sour wine is an unfrequent luxury; is fatigued with even less exertion than the beggar; writhes in agony, like the simplest mortal, under the infliction of a raging toothache; if tickled, must needs laugh, at whatever cost of dignity; when attacked by illness, is fain to swallow the same nauseous drugs that bring back health to lesser men; and finds at last no escape from death and corruption, not even in a royal tent, or a coffin of the richest and most costly wood, lined with purple velvet, and enriched with ornaments of burnished gold.

Thousands are now living, nor yet so far advanced in age as to have lost the memory of what they saw and heard in former years, who have known examples of uncertain fortune among what are called the great ones of the earth, more numerous and more striking in their bold contrasts than history of any other time affords. Within the passing century thrones and the occupants of

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thrones have been seen tossed about on an ocean of change as reckless and uncertain as any that ever shipwrecked the fortunes of a private individual. The right divine of kings has yielded, time and again, to the more potent right of revolution or of conquest; the sons of blacksmiths and tavern-keepers have risen to be rulers of nations; the loftiest ranks of nobility have become the spoil of brave and fortunate soldiers; and crowned kings on the other hand, and queens descended from long lines of royalty, have been exhibited for spectacles of instability; some as wanderers and vagrants in foreign lands, some as dependants on national charity, and some—O fearful portent to royal eyes!—as subjects of the executioner and victims of the axe.

Yet in the very face of all these warnings—in utter contempt and defiance, as it were, of the lessons so sharply taught—man still covets the shining bauble of distinctions. Human beings are still absurd enough to believe and claim that birth and title are realities—things whereof to be proud, and on account of which to challenge worship—and other human beings are so besotted as to recognize the claim and to yield the worship, even at the cost of their own rights as men, and the voluntary surrender of their own privilege to stand erect upon the footstool of their Maker, looking only up to Him, and asserting their equality with

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all whom He has made—and for that very reason, because One made them all, and made them all alike.

I have a simple story to relate, not altogether true, but true in all that bears upon its moral, in which the worthlessness of lofty lineage is illustrated.

Sixty years ago, in a small village in England, the parish beadle might be seen, one bright May morning, taking his way to the mansion of the Squire, with a prisoner in his custody. The man of small authority was a robust little fellow, with round red cheeks, a stomach of well-fed amplitude, and a pair of short, stout legs, diverging widely from each other at the knees, so as to form each a small segment of a circle. His prisoner was an aged man, whose form had once been tall, but was now bent with years; his thin hair strayed in long but slender curls of snowy whiteness down his shoulders; his steps were feeble and uncertain, and his dress, threadbare and faded, gave token of poverty that had been long endured. Yet there was something in his features and in their expression which fastened the attention of the beholder—something which indicated that the old man, though poor and miserable, had within him the workings of a proud spirit; and neither age nor wretchedness had been able to

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efface from his aspect the trace of better days. There was even a haughty pride in the look and gesture with which he repulsed, feebly, indeed, but effectually, an attempt of the parish officer to take him by the collar; and fancy could imagine that his air, as he followed the official to the dwelling of the magistrate, was rather that of an accuser than of one who had made himself amenable to justice by some infraction of her laws.

That old man was a beggar. For years he had been known in the rural districts about London as an habitual, though never obtrusive applicant for charity. He had no relatives, so far as any one knew or could discover—for he was reserved in speaking of himself or his past history, and it was generally supposed that he was a native of Scotland, where, if anywhere, his family connexions were to be sought and found. There was in his language and conduct nothing of that genial and companionable spirit which characterizes the licensed mendicant of Scotland, as we find him described by Scott; on the contrary, this old man was taciturn, shrinking from observation, fond of being alone, and little disposed to make himself welcome at the rustic fireside by ministering to the almost universal passion of the rural housewives for the gossip of the country-side. Where was his home, if home he had, no one pretended to know. He passed from house to

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house and from village to village, asking no alms save food and shelter, and often taking up his rest at night in barns and out-houses, or, in fine weather, under the shelter of some hay-rick, in the open field. With other mendicants he was never seen to associate, but on the contrary, when they crossed his path, he avoided them with every appearance of dislike, and even of contempt; carrying this so far that he had been known, on more than one occasion, to depart hastily and in anger, his wants unrelieved, from houses at which he was invited to eat in company with another beggar who happened to make his call at the same time. His age was not known, but from his appearance was judged to be somewhat beyond seventy. His name was Graham—"Old Graham the beggar" he was called among the country people. But we must accompany the old man to the seat of rural justice.

Squire Abershaw, the lord of the manor, justice of the peace, and custos rotulorum, was a country gentleman of the old school, such as most country gentlemen were in England sixty years ago, and such as may be found even now, although their number has greatly diminished, in some of the remoter districts of the western and northern counties. Wealthy by paternal acres, of middle age, a hearty good liver, and greatly addicted to what are called the manly sports of the field, he

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knew little and thought less of mental cultivation, holding a good seat in the hunt, and a sure aim with the fowling-piece, in much higher estimation than knowledge of musty books or brilliant powers of conversation. He was proud of his fine estate, of his well-stocked preserves, his portly wife and blooming daughters; but prouder than of all these was Squire Abershaw of his long and ancient pedigree, in which he could trace his descent, in one unbroken line of landed proprietors, to the barbarous days of the Norman conquest, his ancestor having come in, a knight of valor and renown, with the stalwart overthrower of the Saxon dynasty.

Old Graham the beggar stands before Squire Abershaw in the justice-room of Abershaw Hall. He is charged by the important beadle with vagrancy, with habitual begging, and with having no ostensible means of gaining a livelihood. There is no accusation of poaching against the old man, and the Squire, who loves his preserves with more than the tenderness of a father, is disposed to be lenient. "Give the poor old fellow a shilling," benevolence whispers in his ear, and the same good spirit suggests a rebuke to the beadle for his officiousness. But a proud glance from the old man's eye, stirs up the spirit of pride in the breast of the wealthy Squire, and the shilling must be accompanied by an admonition.

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"Hark ye, sirrah," quoth the Squire; "the laws must be maintained, and if I let you go unpunished, you must betake yourself to your own parish. Vagrancy is forbidden by statute; begging from door to door is a disreputable method of gaining a living, and cannot be allowed. I shall discharge you in consideration of your age, but if you come before me again, I shall commit you as a vagabond and a tramper."

Fierce and bright was the flash of the old man's eye; red was the flush of his wrinkled cheek, and proud, though feeble, was the drawing up of his aged form at the rude speech of the well-fed magistrate.

"Commit *me* as a vagabond!" he exclaimed, in a voice more tremulous from passion than from age. "And who are you, that dare to talk of such an insult to one old enough to be your father? Ay, and one in whose veins runs better blood than you can boast of. Who are you? A paltry country Squire, lord of a few dirty acres, in which lies all your title to respect or consideration, as was the case with your ancestors before you."

Here the torrent of the old man's indignant eloquence was checked in mid career by the astonished beadle, who at first had been struck dumb with terror and amazement at the boldness of a pauper in daring to lift his voice against the

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worshipful, and who now, recovering in some degree his self-possession, grasped the recusant by the collar, and hurried him out of the justice-room with no gentle hand.

The Squire had been little less astounded; but his amazement soon gave place to anger at the old man's presumption. The clerk was ordered to make out a commitment in all haste, and in the course of a few minutes poor old Graham was deposited in the "lock-up" of the village —a small but secure building constructed for the special accommodation of poachers, thieving gypsys, and such other reprobates as fell within the cognizance of rural justice. There we must leave him for the present.

We have said that Squire Abershaw was proud of his blooming daughters. He was not only proud of them, but loved them too; for, with all his faults, he was a kind-hearted man, and though of quick temper, and somewhat despotic habits, of an affectionate disposition. One in particular, and, as is usual, the youngest, was most especially dear to him. In truth she was a sweet girl, the fair Emily, and her father was by no means singular in loving her very dearly. She was just entering her seventeenth year—the "budding" age in England, when the sportive graces of girlhood are just beginning to expand and ripen into the elegance and charm of woman—when the

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lovely immaturity of the child is not yet wholly lost, nor the completeness of adolescence acquired —when the slender and agile beauty of the fawn is still blended with the rounding fullness of the graceful limbs and figure. There was all the witchery of innocence, and perfect sincerity, and a purity that knew not even of the existence or possibility of evil, in her calm yet bright blue eyes; the perfect beauty of goodness shone tranquilly and clear in every feature; and happiness dwelt around her like a robe of light. Well might the Squire dote upon her as the treasure of his life. A being so innocent, so lovely, so richly panoplied in all that makes a daughter dear, must needs be precious to the heart of a father; and if he cherished her more fondly than her sisters, there was no injustice done to them, for they too loved her above all, nor ever entertained even a passing emotion of discontent at the preference of which she was the object.

Emily had seen the old man conducted as a prisoner to the justice-room, and was struck with his venerable appearance. Her curiosity was stimulated to know of what offence one so aged could have been guilty, and a kindlier emotion prompted her to interpose for his relief. She hastened to the justice-room, at the door of which she met her father retiring from his magisterial duties, and coaxingly twining her arms about his

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neck, she required to know who the old man was that had just been taken to the lock-up, and what infraction of the laws he had committed.

"A vagrant, my darling," answered the Squire; "an impudent old rascal who goes rambling about the country, doing nothing for his own livelihood, and sponging upon those who are more industrious than himself."

"But, father," pleaded Emily, "he is very old and poor. Is there nothing against him but begging? Surely you would not send a hoary-headed man like him to prison only for asking a morsel of bread and a cup of water from those who are able and willing to give."

Now here was a dilemma for Squire Abershaw. In his own secret soul he knew that it was not for begging he had sent the old man to prison. The affront to his own dignity and ancestral pride was the real offence for which he had awarded punishment; but how could he avow this truth to his gentle and tender-hearted daughter? How could he endure the pain and mortification which he knew that she would feel, and which in their reflection from her bosom to his own would be increased tenfold? His conscience smote him, and he knew not what to say.

Yet the loving, pleading, earnestly interrogating eyes of his fair child were fixed upon his own, and the last remaining trace of anger against

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the beggar melted away beneath their gaze. The rich man was troubled, and at the moment would almost have consented to change places with the subject of his authority and power.

"Emily, darling," he said at length, in that low and hesitating tone which bespeaks a consciousness of wrong—"go to the lock-up, my child, and set the old man free. I was hasty—too hasty. I did not think of you, dearest, or I would not have sent him there. Go and release him; bring him up to the Hall, give him something to eat and a half crown, and then come back and kiss your father in token of forgiveness."

"Nay, dear father, not of my forgiveness; for what right have I to pronounce judgment on your actions? Kiss you I will indeed, as a kind, good father, who does every thing to please his Emily; and I will gladly go and set the old man free; but his liberation shall be owing, not to your love for me, but to your own generosity and kindliness of heart. I knew that my father would not be harsh with one upon whom old age and poverty have already borne so heavily."

"Be it as you will, dearest," answered the kind father, imprinting a kiss on the fair open brow of his lovely child; and Emily hastened away upon her errand of goodness and of mercy.

She found old Graham sitting at the grated window of the lock-up, his head resting upon his

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hand, and his eyes apparently fixed upon the green fields and the waving trees whose verdure it was so pleasant to look upon, but from the enjoyment of which he was debarred. He did not seem to be aware of her entrance, for he neither moved nor spoke; and when she approached so near as to be able to see his face, she perceived that his thoughts were not upon the scene before him. Tears were slowly trickling down his withered cheeks, and the expression that rested upon his countenance was that of deeply wounded feeling. So absorbed was he in his painful meditation, that until she laid her hand gently upon his arm, he seemed unconscious of the maiden's presence. Then he started, and gazing intently upon her face, while his look of pride returned, awaited in silence the object of her coming.

Emily was embarrassed for a few moments, and knew not what to say. Regret, not wholly unmingled with shame for her father's harshness in condemning the old man to the disgrace of a commitment made her hesitate in addressing her companion; and there was something, too, in the haughty expression of his eyes that added to her hesitation. But it was on an errand of mercy that she had come; and from her, mercy could have no feeble or unimpressive utterance. Gently, kindly, with soothing words and a voice that was all melody, she announced the purpose

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of her coming, adding many a cordial wish for the old man's welfare, and assurance of her desire to increase it; for Emily's was a gentle soul, and she felt and knew that even in the bosom of a mendicant there might be feelings that claimed the tenderest respect, and that to such as he a kind word often would be more grateful than more substantial charity.

The sensibility of the mendicant had been deeply wounded, and it was long before his excited feelings gave way to the persuading eloquence of the fair pleader. He refused at first to accept the proffered liberation, passionately exclaiming that he had been imprisoned without cause, and that from his prison he would never go; he would die there, and leave his malediction on the head of his oppressor. But no man could resist the gentle words and soothing tones of an intercessor like Emily. The old man's anger melted away before them, and when she left the lock-up, his feeble steps were supported by her arm—his trembling hand had been laid with a blessing upon her head—an ample donation from her purse had been added to his slender store, and he had promised that whenever he found himself near Abershaw Hall in his wanderings through the country, its door should be the first at which he would apply for such relief as his slender wants required.

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That promise was fulfilled. Two years passed away; the visits of old Graham to the Hall were frequent; and it was observed that the intervals between them grew shorter, and his stay at each visit more and more prolonged. The tide of human affection that in him had been so long dammed up, was now poured forth unchecked; and around Emily it gathered. A singular relation sprang up between the blooming maiden and the hoary, age-worn man; a relation which her parents could not understand, but against which they uttered no prohibition—for they could refuse *her* nothing. Indications of declining health had met their watchful eyes—in the lassitude by which she was at times overcome, in the failing appetite, the delicacy of that bloom which still enriched her cheek, but in which the anxiety of love detected something that differed from the hue of sunny youth and a vigorous constitution. She seemed to find pleasure in the old man's conversation; and their interviews were long and frequent. It was observed, too, that her manner toward him was beautifully deferential—indicating not merely the respect that youth should always give to age, but also that affectionate regard which is commanded by wisdom, knowledge, and cultivated intellect. It was no longer old Graham *the beggar*, with whom she walked in her father's grounds—for whom, at her re-

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quest, the Squire had assigned a cottage near the entrance of the park—and to whom a footman was sent almost every day from the Hall with ample supplies of necessaries and even luxuries from the kitchen. Yet the cause and nature of their intimacy were secrets to the family at the Hall. When Emily was questioned on the subject, she only answered that at present she was not at liberty to tell, and as the society of the old man seemed to give her pleasure—as inquiry appeared to be irksome to her—and as all around her were most anxious to do nothing that might give her uneasiness, the curiosity of her parents and sisters was repressed, and she was allowed to have her own way in the matter, unchecked and unquestioned.

But winter was approaching, and the symptoms of her ailment became more decided and alarming. With tender fear and anxious love, her father, after consulting eminent medical practitioners, resolved to send her upon the continent —to the warm breezes and sunny skies of Italy. The establishment at the Hall was broken up; Emily was accompanied to Florence by her mother and sisters, the Squire wintered in London, where his Parliamentary duties required his presence, and the servants were quartered at the village until the return of the family.

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Ample provision was made for the support and comfort of old Graham, in compliance with the earnest request of Emily; but it was soon observed that in her absence he had received a heavy blow to his enjoyments. He wandered about the village and the Hall, listless, dispirited and silent; the cottagers even perceived, or fancied, that his step was more feeble, his form more bent, his appearance altogether more decrepit and infirm. They increased their attention and proffers of kindness; but their well-meant endeavors were declined, thankfully indeed, and with many acknowledgments of gratitude, yet in a manner that seemed to indicate an almost hopeless sorrow—an utter weariness of life.

Thus the winter passed away—the spring, the summer—and winter came again. For some months past the tidings that had reached the village were of melancholy import. The health of Emily had not improved; a return to the trying climate of England was not thought of; and her father had gone to join her in Italy. At length, early in December, the fatal intelligence arrived that she was dead. The insidious disease had triumphed, and the young, the lovely and beloved, had passed away forever.

Deep was the sorrow felt by all in the vicinity; genuine were the lamentations and regrets poured forth by rich and poor, by the lofty and the low;

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for to all had Emily been dear as she was good. The greetings of friends and neighbors in the street, at market or at church, were tinged with sadness; and wherever two or three were gathered together, words of tender recollection and of grief for the lost maiden were mingled with the customary topics of the day. But upon none fell the blow so heavily as upon the aged mendicant. He sorrowed, indeed, as one that neither could nor would be comforted; and there was in the profoundness of his grief an aspect of such utter broken-heartedness, such desolation of spirit, that all who looked upon it were awed, and none dared approach him with efforts to administer consolation. It was observed that he passed almost the whole time—if, indeed, not the whole—in wandering about the fields and narrow lanes in the vicinity of the Hall. Where he obtained food, or whether he obtained food at all, no one could say; for he shunned the habitations of men, and was often seen, late at night and very early in the morning, at such distances from his own cottage as precluded the idea of his passing even the night under the shelter of its roof. It was evident that his heart was broken. Thus a few weeks passed away—winter in its severest rigor was upon the land. For some days the inhabitants of the village had missed the old man from his accustomed haunts; his cottage was unopened

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from day to day, and it was feared that some disaster had befallen him. Some indeed there were who maintained that he had only extended his wanderings to a greater distance than usual, but the general belief was that his wanderings on earth were brought to a final close; and they were right. Toward the end of January his body was found, stark and cold, under a hedge that separated the kitchen-garden of the Hall from an adjoining meadow. There the aged mendicant had perished, in what misery of body and greater wretchedness of mind could be known only to Him who looks down with equal eye upon the monarch and the slave.

The secret that had existed between him and the departed Emily was then revealed. A sealed paper which she had given her father before her death, with injunctions not to open it while the old man lived—for such had been the condition on which he had given her his confidence—disclosed the fact that the aged and solitary mendicant was by right of birth an Earl of Scotland's nobility; the last descendant in the *legitimate* branch of the royal house of Stuart.

NOTE. Robert the Second, King of Scotland, had in early life formed a connexion with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Muir, by whom he had three sons. After the death of his wife he married Eliza-

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beth, and had other children. Robert the Third, his successor, was the eldest of the three born before this marriage; and his legitimacy was often called in question. To quiet and satisfy the eldest of the sons born after the marriage, whose legitimacy was undoubted, and whose right to the throne was on that account considered by many superior to his elder brother's, Robert the Second created him Earl of Strathern; which title, in the reign of James the First of England, was merged in that of Menteith. In the reign of Charles the First, the then Earl of Menteith, whose family name was Graham, being a descendant in the female line, urged by ambition, laid claim to the elder and more honorable title of Strathern, and was guilty of imprudent speeches, alleging the superiority of his blood to the King's, on account of the alleged illegitimacy of Robert the Third; and the result of these and other indiscretions was the royal displeasure, dismissal from office, and eventual ruin. The fortunes of the family ran in parallel with those of the royal branch. The Earl of Menteith in 1671 was so poor that he "dared not take up his succession to the title," and in 1680 formally resigned all his pretensions to the Marquis of Montrose, the head of the family of Graham; and from this time the title was in abeyance. It was claimed, however, by William Graham, in 1744, and he voted as Earl of Menteith at the election of Peers for Scotland in that year, in 1747, 1749, 1752, and again in 1761. In 1762 his assumption of the title was prohibited by Parliament. He lived in great distress, and died in 1783, having

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been for some years a dependant upon charity, and literally a wanderer by the wayside and beggar—as in the tale.

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THE HEART'S RESPONSE.

TO H. A. I.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

Fragrance is breathing round me. It awakes
  The strange, sweet music of the spirit-lyre;
Now faintly heard, then gushing full it breaks
  On the rapt ear, as from an angel choir;—
Ah! words are poor! this strain in heaven had birth,
    But they are of the earth.

And yet they fain would bless thee for the love
  Which shed such fragrance on my path to-day;
Thy token came, e'en as a snow-white dove,
  And Care's dark-omened birds all fled away;—
O! what a blessing, in this world of ours,
    Are ye, sweet, precious flowers!

Transcendent Beauty 's nestling at your heart,
  And Love hath kissed those petals, till a flush
Of radiance is yours, like rays which part
  The kindling east at morning's early blush;—
To bind our hearts together were ye given;
    To lure our thoughts to Heaven.

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And yet ye fade and perish! Ever thus
Still dearer treasures quickly pass away;
Sad, parting words are breathed, and a deep hush
Usurps the place of Love's familiar lay;—
How are we taught, where'er our steps may roam,
Earth, earth is not our home!

And *thou* wilt leave me soon. Yet though we tread
Paths widely severed, Love's celestial wing
Shall shelter each. O! let us seek that Head
From which each fount of blessedness doth spring;
There joyful shall we meet—life's fever o'er,—
God bless thee evermore!

Albany, N. Y.

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CLARA WALTON.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Love, and love only, is the loan for love.—YOUNG.

"PRAY, can you tell me who owns yonder pretty cottage? I am sure it must have a history," said Mrs. Conant to her landlady.

"Ah, yes—is it not a love of a place, with its pillars and porticoes all around?" said Mrs. Bell, advancing towards the window. "It is called a cottage orné, you know, and belongs to Mr. ——"

"No, no! I don't mean that flaunting pagoda, which is just such a vulgar, expensive-looking thing as any body who has money may buy or build," said Mrs. Conant. "I mean that dear little cot on the hill-side there, nestled in among the green vines and shrubbery, and peeping forth from among the leaves and flowers like a timid bride from beneath her veil. Who lives there?"

"O! that is Woodbine Cottage, you know," replied Mrs. Bell; "and the Waltons live there, you know."

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"Yes, I know it now you have told me," said Mrs. Conant, smiling at the repetition of *you know*, which better educated people than Mrs. Bell are sometimes in the habit of using.

"It is a charming place!" exclaimed Emily Conant; "and good old Izaak himself, with his refined taste for the beauties of nature, never described a more delightful spot. I hope Mr. Walton loves fishing."

"Mrs. Walton is a widow," said Mrs. Bell; and she added, compassionately, "her son, poor fellow, could not be persuaded to hurt a fly, much less to pull a struggling fish out of the water."

"Why, he must be romantic indeed," said Emily Conant. "What is he—a poet?"

The landlady shook her head. "You have never heard, then, of Mrs. Walton's idiot son?"

Mrs. Conant assured her she had not.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Bell, in her rambling way—"Clara Walton is very beautiful and very bright, and that makes it more strange poor Henry should be so ill-shapen and dull. But then he is a kind, loving, harmless creature, and his mother and sister think all the world of him, you know. Some people say it was a judgment upon Mrs. Walton for her pride, when she was so rich in her first husband's day; but that is over now, and she is poor enough, you know.

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But I must say, that she has borne all her sorrows like a Christian, as she is, you know."

"Indeed, I know nothing of Mrs. Walton or her affairs, except what you have now communicated," replied Mrs. Conant. "I feel an interest in her from these circumstances; a widow, poor, with an idiot son clinging to her for the protection which, from such a relation, it would seem natural he should give, makes a touching appeal to my feelings."

"And she has a lovely daughter," said Emily Conant—"I wish, mother, we could make their acquaintance."

"That would be easy enough if you were sick or in distress," said the landlady. "Mrs. Walton is famous for her broths and possets; and as for Clara, why, she thinks nothing of going miles to carry something nice to the sick, or to watch with the poor, while she would not spare an afternoon from her work or her books to visit a neighbor, sociably!"

"O, what a eulogy!" exclaimed Mrs. Conant, turning to her daughter. "How glad I am to find that the moral beauty of the dwellers in that lovely cottage is in unison with the charms of nature around them! What a Paradise we might make of this earth if all were good and kind!"

"Clara and her mother are good and kind," chimed in the landlady; "that every body allows;

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but people say they are over proud, though certainly, as Mrs. Walton is not able to go out much—she has the asthma terribly at times—except to church, it is not strange that Clara stays at home with her, and to take care of poor Henry. But then, she never seems to care about going, and that is strange; and now, as she has managed to catch the richest match in the state of Vermont, I suppose she will hold her head higher than ever."

"Then I presume Miss Walton is soon to be married," remarked Emily Conant.

"I hope so," replied Mrs. Bell; "for they say her mother is urging on the match. But indeed, poor lady, who can blame her? when Mr. Palmer is so rich, and they have nothing."

"But the cottage—" said Mrs. Conant.

"O! that is not their own; they live there on sufferance," replied the other. "The place is owned by the Rev. Mr. Forester."

"What, Charles Forester?" inquired Emily Conant.

"Yes, I believe his name is Charles—at any rate he is a southern gentleman, and came here with his invalid mother, who had been ordered to try our bracing climate," said the loquacious Mrs. Bell. "He fitted up the cottage, which he bought, and ornamented the grounds, and lived there two years, or more, and became very inti-

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mate with the Waltons. I told you they always visited the sick; so Mrs. Forester had Clara with her nearly half the time, and Mr. Forester gave her lessons—she was a mere child when they came, not more than fifteen, you know—so he gave her lessons in music and drawing, and all sorts of languages; some say he taught her Hebrew; and when they went away, they put the Waltons into the cottage to take care of it."

"The Foresters have been absent near three years, I believe," observed Mrs. Conant.

"Thereabouts," said Mrs. Bell. "But news has just come that the old lady is dead, and Mr. Forester is coming back soon. So I suppose Mrs. Walton will hurry Clara's marriage; otherwise they would have to go into cheap lodgings, which would terribly mortify her, after living so long in such a lovely place—so people say."

And thus, under the shelter of that convenient oracle, the sayings of the thoughtless, the idle, or the envious, did Mrs. Bell virtually bear false witness against her neighbor—and yet they both knelt at the same altar, and took the symbols of the Savior's dying love from the same Pastor's hand. Nay, more than this, Mrs. Bell, in her own soul, believed Mrs. Walton to be a pious, humble Christian. Truly evil-speaking is the sin which, in social life, requires our most constant watchfulness. Let us pray each morning

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not to be led into this temptation, but that we may have our hearts filled with that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which believeth no evil, and giveth tongue to no slanderous report.

At the very time when this conversation between the Conants and Mrs. Bell occurred, a scene was passing at the cottage, which, could they have known, would have read them a lesson never to have been forgotten.

Mrs. Walton was sitting by her work-table, which stood not far from an open window that overlooked the river, called, in poetic lore, the "soft-flowing Connecticut;" (but which here, compressed in its channel, was deep and rapid)—and the green hills beyond. It was a soft June evening; the sun had disappeared behind the western mountains, but his beams yet rested on the heads of the tall cliffs that bordered the river, and brightened the old evergreens that clothed the broken hills on the eastern shore. The flowers, that surrounded the cottage, were filled with fresh fragrance as the evening drew on; and the birds, that thronged, unmolested, in this sanctuary of peace, were pouring forth their sweetest songs of thankfulness and love.

But all these beauties and perfections of nature were lost on Mrs. Walton. Her thoughts were busy with the past, while her heart yearned towards her daughter. She felt the time had come

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when the deep lessons, which errors and sufferings had engraved on her own heart, must be told to Clara. The sweet girl was leaning beside the open window, the pale roses that drooped over her head not so white as her cheek. Yet she shed no tear, breathed no sigh; her eyes were, in truth, bright, as though she had nerved her soul for some deep sacrifice of self at the shrine of duty.

She had, that day, received the reiterated and urgent offer of marriage from Mr. Palmer, with a pledge that if she would become his wife, her mother and brother should be amply provided for—should have Woodbine Cottage, if it could be obtained, or one equally as good, and a yearly allowance besides, of a thousand dollars.

"Clara, my darling child, come here to me; I want to see you smile once more. You have not smiled of late. Come and sit here close beside me," said Mrs. Walton.

Clara obeyed, and seated herself on a cushion at her mother's feet—but she did not look up.

Her mother took her hand—it was cold and trembling. "Clara," said Mrs. Walton, impressively, "you must not accept this offer."

"Mother!"

"No, you must not. You do not love Mr. Palmer, and without you can give him your heart, you must not become his wife."

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"But what will you do? What will become of you and poor Henry? You have no longer strength to work—nay, hear me, dear mother—we must leave this cottage immediately. Mr. Forester will come soon, and I would not for the world he should find me here." She spoke this hurriedly, for there was a rustling among the shrubbery near the window, which opened to the ground, and she thought some one was coming in. They listened. "It is only Henry gathering his evening offering of flowers," said Mrs. Walton—and Clara resumed.

"I have thought of every plan, but I do not find anything I can do will support you in comfort. And then poor Henry—he so loves these trees and flowers that he will droop and die if we take him into a close room, as we must do, should we go back to boarding again. But do not fear that I shall deceive Mr. Palmer. I have told him that I do not love him; that if I accepted him, it would be for the sake of my mother and brother. To-morrow I shall tell him—"

"That you love another," said Mrs. Walton, in a low, sad tone.

"No—but that I have loved. I think," continued this heroic girl, "I hope I have overcome the weakness I ought never to have indulged!"

"O! it was my fault; I ought never to have permitted you to pass so much time with the

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Foresters. The excellences of that young man's character seemed to me, then, a guarantee that he would not abuse my confidence—would not seek to win the heart of my child, and then cast it away like a worthless weed!" said Mrs. Walton, in a tone of deep anguish.

"He did not—he did not. O! mother, you wrong him," said Clara, weeping for the first time. "He never attempted to win my affections. He never paid me a compliment, or said a word which a good brother might not have said to a young sister, whom he wished to guide in the way of every thing pure and holy. I gave him my love unsought, unknown by him—unknown even to myself. Till Mr. Palmer addressed me, to whom, except that he is not a religious man, I could have no reasonable objection, I knew not that I had no heart to give. But I must not be thus weak," she added, wiping the tears from her eyes. "My resolution is taken."

"To marry Mr. Palmer?"

"Yes—if he continues to desire it, after I have told him all." Here the rose tree, by the window, was again agitated.

"Clara," said Mrs. Walton, solemnly, "listen to me. I dare not allow you to make this sacrifice on my account—neither would it be for good. All mere worldly prosperity is unstable; even while it lasts, it is hollow and unsatisfying.

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I married Colonel Meredith because he was rich and my parents insisted on the connexion—while I loved only Edward Walton, your father. The consequences were most unhappy. I lived in splendor, it is true, and became so absorbed in the dissipations of fashionable life, into which I plunged to avoid reflection, that I left my dear little Henry, one of the most beautiful children I ever looked upon, when he was only three years old, at home, to the care of hired servants, and made the tour of Europe, not for health, but amusement. When, at the end of two years, I returned, I found him a poor cripple and idiotic. A fall he received, which was neglected, because his *mother* was not near to watch over him, was the cause of this! My husband knew that I did not love him, and after our return, and he found his hopes in his son thus destroyed, he grew morose and unkind. His affairs, too, were deranged, and the failure of a large banking house in England, where he had placed most of his money, completed our ruin. He lived but a few weeks after this loss; and thus, in less than seven years from the time I married one of the richest men in New-York, I was left a poor widow, with a sickly, deformed child to provide for—and, Clara, during these seven years, I was never happy—for my heart was not in my duties, and God was not with me."

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"But then you married my father, and he was good and kind to you, my dear mother," said Clara, sobbing. "He had always loved you."

"He had always remembered me," replied Mrs. Walton, "and my sorrows revived his affection. But Edward had lost his health, and was not able to take orders, as he had intended—his lungs were so weak that he could not preach. When we married, his income, gained by his writings and giving lessons in the languages, was only sufficient to furnish us with the mere necessaries of life. But then we loved each other, and had faith in God. I had learned that earth was a broken reed—Edward taught me to look to heaven and trust in the Savior. Our humble home was the temple of prayer and praise; and then we had you to crown our happiness. There was still one bitter drop in my cup—poor Henry's state, and the thought that it was my fault. But your father was so kind to him, and Henry always seemed so happy himself, that though I mourned, I did not repine. O! Clara—I can bear witness from my own experience, that better is a dinner of herbs where love is—I mean love to God and to each other—than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

"But when my father died—" said Clara, hesitatingly.

"O! that was a sorrow which God inflicted,

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and he alone could comfort," said Mrs. Walton, looking upward. "I bowed to his will, I trusted that he would sustain me, and he has never forsaken us. We have been poor, but God has raised up friends to help us when we have done what we could. We will trust Him still. Let us only do right, and then we shall have faith to pray for his blessing. But if, from motives of expediency, of selfish, or, indeed, of generous feeling, we violate his law, how can we expect to prosper? And the law of God bears witness, in every human heart, that those who marry together should love each other. I dare not allow you, on my account, to violate this law. You must send a decided refusal to Mr. Palmer."

"But will you, mother, leave this place directly?"

"As soon as possible, my love."

"O, let us go to-morrow, dear mother. I so fear Mr. Forester will come while we are here," said Clara.

"I don't think he would turn us out of the cottage," replied Mrs. Walton, half smiling; "though, to be sure, he has been very negligent about writing."

"O, he has quite forgotten us, mother, and—"

"Clara, dear Clara!" said a deep manly voice, but in a tone of the softest tenderness, and Charles Forester stood before them!

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"O, Clara!" said Mr. Forester, as he pressed her hand to his bosom, after she had become tranquillized—"O, Clara, you little know how severe was the trial of my soul, how painful the sacrifice, when I left you without declaring my love, and attempting to secure yours in return. But I was going to attend on my dear, feeble mother, who required all my time and means; I knew not how long this filial duty would be upon me. Young, lovely and attractive as you were, should I, ought I to have bound you in a long engagement, which might, as you saw more of the world, be irksome to you, and prevent you from choosing among others, the rich and distinguished, who, I foresaw, would bow before you? I thank God that he strengthened me to do what I felt to be right—to leave you free. But, dear Clara, I have prayed, every night and morning, on my knees, that, if it could be, I might find you thus; and I bless God, he has granted my prayer; he has brought your heart to love him supremely, while its tenderest earthly affections have been kept constant and pure. Forget you, Clara! I can truly say,

'I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a lonely lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
You never were forgot.'"

And they were married,—Mr. Forester and

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Clara Walton,—united in that true affection and sympathy of heart, soul and mind, which constitute the holiness of the relation, and make it a fit type of the union between Christ and his church.

Mrs. Conant and her daughter, who were distant connexions of Mr. Forester, remained in Windsor till after the wedding; and Mrs. Bell acknowledged she had wronged Mrs. Walton, and never would again make an evil report of her neighbor on the mere "*they say*" of the world.

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TO AN OLD DRESS.

"And slight withal may be the things that bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever."

My poor old dress! how long
Hast thou been resting here?
To Fashion's heartless throng
How strange would'st thou appear!
They 'd smile thine ancient form,
And faded hues to see,—
But more than costly robe
Art thou, old friend, to me.

O! relic of past years!
I gaze upon thee now,
With silent, bitter tears,
Pale cheek, and throbbing brow.
Sad yearnings, wild and vain,
Come gushing o'er my heart,
And with a thrill of pain,
Fond, mournful memories start.

The true, the loving dead,
Are they not with me here?
With gentle, noiseless tread,
Each cherished form draws near.

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O blessed, happy band,
Rejoice that ye are free;
Yet in the spirit-land,
Still, still remember me!

Thine is a mighty spell,
Thou faded, lifeless thing,
Scenes loved too long, too well,
Round which my heart-strings cling,
Back to this aching breast,
To call with magic skill—
When shall the weary rest,
The breaking heart be still?

Beneath thy folds, how light
It beat in other years,
Untouched by sorrow's blight,
Unchilled by bitter fears!
Life's fresh and sunny dream,
Its radiant hopes, are o'er—
Borne on Time's rapid stream,
They will return no more.

A mournful tale is thine,
Memento of the past!—
Of love once fondly mine,
Of joy too sweet to last.
O! earth can ne'er restore
Its freshness to this heart—
Balm from thy free, rich store,
Healer divine, impart!

C.

Burlington, N. J.

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THE NEW ENGLAND FOREFATHERS' DAY.

BY REV. C. E. STOWE, D. D.

THE twenty-second of December is a proud day for New-England. It commemorates the landing of the pilgrims on the Plymouth rock. No true descendant of the Puritans, wherever he may be on the face of the earth, can meet the recurrence of this anniversary without emotion; without desiring to pause and meditate awhile on the hardy virtues, and patient endurance, and multiplied sufferings of his ancestors, who with their own blood purchased the invaluable treasure of civil and religious freedom in the goodly land which they bequeathed to their posterity. I hope I shall be pardoned, then, if I make the homely and substantial virtues of the fathers and mothers of New-England the subject of eulogy, in a work designed as a Christmas and New Year's gift, and which may serve at the same time as a memorial of the NEW-ENGLAND FOREFATHERS' DAY.

The English have their St. George's day, the Scotch their St. Andrew's, the Irish their St.

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Patrick's, the French their St. Dennis's, the Germans their St. Boniface's and St. Nepomuk's, and nobody thinks any harm of it; and why should not the descendants of those pilgrims, who *all*, even by their enemies, were denominated *saints*, have their *All Saints' Day?* In speaking well of the Puritans, we do not detract from the merits of any who are meritorious in other parts of the United States. Were the occasion a fitting one, I might tell much that is praiseworthy of the people of the Middle States, of the fruitful West and the merry South; but this cold month of December is the pilgrim's own month, and let us warm ourselves a little with thinking and talking about the pilgrims.

It is now two hundred and twenty-two years since there stood on the shores of Holland a little band of Christians, weeping in each other's arms, while the ship, which was to bear a part of them away, was tossing on the waters, and nearly ready to sail. That whole day had the little church spent in fasting and prayer; and now the hour had come when half of their number must leave, to go and prepare that home in the untried wilderness, where they all hoped to meet again. Eleven years had they been strangers and pilgrims in that country; but despairing to form, in its old and corrupt atmosphere, the Christian community they sought, like Abraham they heard

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a call to go out "unto a place which they should afterward receive for an inheritance;" and they obeyed and went out, "not knowing whither they went." We need not tell the distresses of that cold and gloomy voyage; how they were twice driven back by stress of weather, and long tossed on the ocean; how, through the treachery of their ship-master, who had engaged to land them in a warmer latitude, they were brought on to the bleak New-England coast, amid the ice and snows of one of its keenest and hardest winters. Then, while the vessel lay tossing at anchor, a little party ventured along the inhospitable shore to find where they might land. The bitter cold froze the spray of the sea on their garments, and on land the jealous Indian met them with showers of arrows. All day they wandered amid frosts and snows, and at night slept under a chance shelter of logs and boughs; and when returning, a storm drove them on to a bleak, cold island, and the Sabbath morning found them there. Neither cold, nor hunger, nor the dashing of the sea spray, prevented their enjoying the rest of the Christian Sabbath. They built fires and sat around them, and spent the whole day in praying and singing praises to God.

At length, a location being found, the vessel reached the shore; and the rock of Plymouth was pressed by feet as unfaltering and firm as if

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it were the entrance to a warm house, and not to a frozen wilderness. There were in that company women, nobly born and delicately reared, ignorant of even ordinary want or hardship; there were little children, standing shivering on the snows; there were the sick and weak, borne in the arms of others; there were husbands and fathers and brothers, bearing up firmly and calmly for themselves, and seeking to screen from cold and pain those who clung to their side. They had built one rude dwelling for all, and that dwelling was first hallowed by prayer and praise.

To this chilling reception followed months of lingering privation and hardship, wherein, as Cotton Mather quaintly tells, "they had a great experiment of man's not living by bread alone," being left entirely without bread for months together; nevertheless the Lord sent them food out of the sea. Cold, hardship, fatigue, and want of suitable food brought on sickness, and one after another sunk into the grave, till, of the one hundred and one who landed, only fifty remained; and of those fifty, hardly five at a time were well enough to take care of the sick and bury the dead. Grave after grave was dug in sorrow and in weakness; and lest the ruthless Indian should violate the last rest of the beloved, the mounds that covered them were levelled in the spring and sown with grain. So truly may it be said that all

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the good, which in after times sprang up in New-England, was sown like this, in tears and watchings, and over the graves of things dearest and best beloved.

Nor are we to suppose, as many do, that the men who dared and did so much, were of a mould to feel less keenly heart-trials like these; for the restrained and governed spirit takes home with a deeper intensity what the shallower mind evaporates with noise and show. When the lady of Governor Bradford, in very sight of the shore, was by one misstep engulfed in the ocean, and the sons and brothers and sisters of numberless others languished and died with cold and want in that forlorn wilderness, we are not to imagine there was no feeling because there was no outcry, and because the stricken survivors, with steady and unmoved determination, went on with the great work which they had undertaken for God and posterity.

And what did they do? Before their determined perseverance the snows melted, the beasts retired, the wild Indian was subdued, and fair villages appeared with their church-spires and gardens and cornfields; and a race of men and women arose, the like of whom had not before been seen. We know, indeed, that the present enlightened age thinks itself entitled to speak scornfully of the old, strict days of New-England. We hear much

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of blue-laws, and long visages, and so on. But with all due respect for the wisdom of this improved generation, perhaps even we might be the better for some of the good old homefathers of those days; men who feared their God, governed their households, minded their business, kept their promises, paid their debts, and were addicted to many such comfortable and useful practices, which was, notwithstanding the enlightening of the times, seen to be falling greatly into disuse. We think the world might be the better for some of those good old homemothers, who could spin and weave and knit, who looked well to the ways of their household, who brought up their dozen, nay, like the mother of Sir William Phipps, their more than two dozen sons and daughters, brave, fair, and instructed in every good work, and that, too, with less cost than some in our day expend for millinery and Cologne water. Nor do we think our legislatures and high places would be the worse for men like Winslow, Winthrop and Eaton, men courteous, grave and dignified in manner, blameless in every private relation, fearing God and fearing nothing besides, hating covetousness and shaking their hands from holding of bribes; men who knelt before their Maker and stood before their country's enemies; men, in the words of old Mather, "so cautious and circumspect in discourse, so modest in expression,

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that it became a proverb for incontestable truth, '*The governor saith it.*'" Perhaps, if one of these old statesmen of our infant liberties should return from the dead, he would think too well fulfilled the prediction of an early governor of Massachusetts: "Blessed hast thou been, O land, in thy rulers; but, alas! for the generality, they have not considered how they were to honor the rules of God, in reverencing them whom God made rulers over them. *I fear they will come to want in having set over them those that it will be hard work to honor, and that will hardly be capable to manage their affairs.*"

Nor do we think the church of Jesus Christ would be the less godly if it had added to it some Christians of the deep, wrestling piety of the first settlers; men who could endure hardships as good soldiers; who, amid the poverty and hindrances of a new settlement, in all the alarms and harassments of Indian warfare, when their housefires were quenched in the blood of their children, or their beloved ones were dragged into a captivity worse than death, could say, as Eaton said at the dying bed of his eldest son,—"Look up to God;" and still testify, as he did, that "he never had a repenting or repining thought about removing to New-England." Say, Christian brethren, does not the work of Christ in these times need some men much like these?

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And we should be very glad to see, rising in our beautiful West, such villages as rose in the place of the forests of our fatherland, with their white steeples, their school-houses, their clean, comfortable farm-houses, reposing under the shade of fatherly old trees, and inhabited by men and women as industrious, moral, thrifty and Godfearing as the pilgrims. Nay, till something better can be found, we should be pleased to see all the rising little republicans of our land, as in those days, learning the Assembly's Catechism, the Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments. Certainly, those ten commandments, with the reasons annexed, as in the old-fashioned New-England Primer, never did any body any harm; and possibly they might make some commendable old usages, such as honoring fathers and mothers, keeping the Sabbath, and letting alone our neighbors' goods, more common than they bid fair to be in our land, just now, under the present influences.

Notwithstanding the degeneracy of the times, however, the deep impress of the strong character of the first settlers of New-England is still visible in their posterity.

The forefathers and mothers of New-England were industrious, economical and thrifty; and these qualities are still seen among their descendants. It is not, even yet, disgraceful for anybody to know how to work; nor is it strange or disrepu-

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table for even a young unmarried woman to be good for something, and earn her own living. In Massachusetts, alone, there were, in 1841, forty thousand young women employed in various kinds of manufactures, and their earnings were at the rate of $4,000,000 a year; that is, the young women of that state add to the public wealth $4,000,000 a year, instead of being $4,000,000 expense, without receiving any substantial equivalent, as is the case with some young women in some other parts of the world. There are certainly many advantages connected with habits of industry like these; but are there not also disadvantages?

Do the New-England girls look the worse for their industry? Do they lose by it any feminine attraction? Go and look at them; trust your own eyes, and I will willingly abide by your decision. I have been not an inattentive observer of women in all parts of the United States, and of Europe, and among all classes of people, and nowhere have I seen the female face and form more lovely than among the industrious daughters of New-England; and this, I believe, is the testimony of travellers generally.

Do their manners suffer by it? I have seen manners in a New-England manufactory that, for native elegance and ease, for simple, unaffected

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dignity, would do no discredit to the saloon of the Duchess of Devonshire.

Do their minds suffer by it? Here I assert, and without fear of contradiction, that nowhere is the female mind more highly or more carefully cultivated than in New-England, and that, too, among the industrious classes. I believe, indeed, there is no other class. The factory girls of Lowell publish two or three periodicals, the articles of which are written and edited by themselves; and their works will not suffer by comparison with the average of periodicals in this country or Europe. Indeed, several of their compositions have been republished in England, and have there elicited the highest degree of commendation.

Do they suffer in their morals? Nothing like it. For morality and piety they are not excelled anywhere.

Do they make the worse wives or mothers? Ask their husbands and children; they can tell you. Or let their works praise them. Where will you find better boys and girls than those which are reared by Yankee mothers? At the West, they can produce more corn and bacon; at the South, they can grow better cotton and sugar and rice; but as to raising men and women, Yankee land yields to none in that; and precisely for this reason,—the Yankee wives and mothers are

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healthful and industrious, thrifty and ingenious, intelligent and virtuous.

Intelligence is a trait of character very generally conceded to New-England. The pilgrim fathers regarded schools as among the very necessaries of life, and provided for them even before they had many other things which are usually considered far more indispensable; and the effect of this has been, as Judge McLane of Ohio remarked, at a public meeting in Cincinnati, "to give to that part of the Union, less favored by soil and climate than the others, the most efficient and best instructed population on the globe." "The people of no part of Prussia," (continues the Judge, who is neither a Yankee nor a descendant of the Yankees,) "or of any other government in Europe, can be compared in useful knowledge with the yeomanry of New-England."

The larger portion of American literature originates and is sustained in New-England. There have been about 800 American writers who have already died, and of these more than three fourths were of New-England origin, natives of a little barren territory scarcely so large in extent as the state of Ohio. In 1840 the American Almanac published the names and residences of 776 American writers who had already died. Of these, there resided in Massachusetts, one of the smallest states in the Union, 239; while in the three largest of

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the older states, there resided in Pennsylvania 77, in New-York 64, and in Virginia 31; the three largest states together affording but little more than half as many as the single small state of Massachusetts. But this is not the whole of the contrast. For example, Benjamin Franklin and Joseph Dennie are reckoned to Pennsylvania, because they resided in Philadelphia; but they both belonged to old Massachusetts families, and were both born and educated in Boston. Bishop Hobart is reckoned to New-York; but he belonged to an old Hingham family. His father was a Hingham sea-captain, very generally known at the South, and the West-Indies, where he traded, under the appellation of the "honest Yankee," (just as if that would be a distinction, to be an *honest* Yankee,) and the Bishop's mother was her husband's own first cousin. It would seem, then, that even Bishop Hobart, with all his contempt of non-conformity and Yankee independency, though, at the time of his birth, his parents were residing in Philadelphia, yet Bishop Hobart was, after all, a *Hebrew of the Hebrews*. Rufus King is reckoned to New-York; but he was born and educated, and for many years lived, a citizen of old Massachusetts; and so of several others, reckoned to these three large cities.

From the family and the school, from the church and the state, as they existed in New-

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England, originated most of that which is really valuable in the social and political condition of the United States. "The two or three main ideas," says M. de Tocqueville, "which constitute the basis of the social theory in the United States, were first combined in the states of New-England. The principles of New-England spread at first to the neighboring states; they then passed successively to the more distant ones, and at length they imbued the whole confederation. The civilization of New-England has been like a beacon lit upon a hill, which, after it has diffused its warmth around, tinges the distant horizon with its glow."

Dr. Julius, the sagacious and scrutinizing traveller from Germany, when contrasting the slovenly, unthrifty condition of the western slaveholding states with the prosperity of the free states north of them, says: "As a primary cause of this happy condition, [that is, of the western free states,] we must take into consideration the materials of which the population is composed, for they have been educated strictly in the school of New-England civilization, the most active and best developed portion of the American people." "Labor is never relaxed by this persevering race. In place of the log-cabin there soon appears the dwelling of hewed logs, which, in its turn, must

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yield to a neat, substantial frame house, decorated like the New-England home."

"The hearth is soon surrounded by blooming children, who are carefully kept at school, and, after the prevailing custom, led to church; and in a short time affording to their parents, by their powerful aid, available assistance in lightening their toils."

This testimony from Dr. Julius is the more valuable, inasmuch as he is himself a zealous Roman Catholic, with as little love as possible for anything in the New-England church.

The pilgrims and their descendants have always been remarkable for their public spirit, and their generosity in sustaining the institutions and appliances of civilization. I know it is customary to stigmatize them as avaricious, selfish, and mean; but how does this appear? Is it seen in the meanness of their dwellings, in the parsimoniousness of their style of living, the niggardliness of their public improvements, the want of regard for that which constitutes the ultimatum, the refinement of society? Show me the part of the United States which excels New-England in any of these respects.

Is this meanness and selfishness seen in any attempt so to control the general government as to promote their own interests, at the expense of the interests of the nation at large? If I read

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aright the history of American legislation, the enactments of Congress have never promoted New-England interests at the expense of other interests; but the wealth of New-England has been repeatedly and lavishly sacrificed for the pecuniary advantage of other parts of the Union. Embargoes have been put on and embargoes taken off—tariffs have been imposed and tariffs have been removed—change after change has been made, by every one of which New-England has suffered; and so soon as she has turned her wealth and industry into the new channel to which the law has forced her, and she begins again to prosper, the general government forces another change, and she again must suffer. This fluctuating legislation has cost New-England millions on millions; reduced her most opulent families to poverty, and filled her streets with distress; and yet, instead of rebelling against the government, at every new change she goes resolutely to work, with all her might, buffeting the waves which are thrown in against her, and adapting herself as speedily as possible to her circumstances. Does she conduct herself like a selfish or mean member of this great confederacy? I should think the selfishness and meanness belonged somewhere else.

Does she show herself avaricious, selfish and mean in regard to public charities and the support

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of religious and literary institutions? Not only are her own charitable, literary and religious institutions known to be more nobly endowed and better maintained, as a whole, than those of any other part of the Union, but she is continually sending into other states vast sums of money, for the support of similar institutions there. Scarcely is an educational or religious enterprise started at the South or West, but New-England is solicited for men and money to sustain it; but when has New-England ever sent South or West, for money or men to sustain her charitable efforts?

To the theological seminary at Prince Edward, in Virginia, Boston alone contributed at one time $10,000, and this institution probably received in all not less than $50,000 from the Yankees. For the theological seminary in Columbia, S. C., something like $17,000 was subscribed by the same class of people. Towards erecting the first Presbyterian church in New-Orleans, they gave $30,000; towards the second, $20,000, and other donations, amounting in all to nearly $80,000, for the support of religion in that one city, and that, too, for a form of religion to which they are not themselves attached, and which has manifested very little of either sympathy or gratitude to them. When has their liberality ever been exhibited in the other direction? When bishops solicited, from the Congregationalists of New-Eng-

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land, donations for the establishment of Episcopal institutions at the West, their requests were liberally responded to—a charity which, perhaps, at some future time, may be reciprocated, though the past has given but few examples of such reciprocation.

During the thirty years succeeding the year 1800, there were given in the city of Boston alone, for general religious and charitable objects, and in a way that admitted of accurate estimate, more than $2,000,000. During the same period, the theological school at Andover was endowed by individuals in other parts of Massachusetts, at an expense probably of $300,000, and the three colleges of the state received during the same period, and from similar sources, at least $600,000. Probably the whole state of Massachusetts, during that period, contributed, at least, $5,000,000, and perhaps $6,000,000, to objects of this kind; and her charities have not diminished since. Indeed, I doubt whether the world has ever before furnished an instance of such long-continued, open-handed generosity, so entirely free from sectarian and sectional bias, and with such niggardly remuneration, even in the way of thanks. New-England has received hard names and reproaches, in some instances, even from those whom she has benefitted, a few of whom seem to be entirely incapable of comprehending

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the idea that any class of Christians ever willingly made sacrifices for the promotion of religion without reference to the advancement of their own sect. If no selfish motive can be seen, they think themselves in duty bound to imagine one.

In looking at these proofs of New-England generosity, it should be recollected that money there, at least a great portion of what is expended in religious charity, comes in small sums, and by very hard work. One of the old citizens of Ohio, who is a native of New-England, once said to me: "When I was a young man, on the south shore of Massachusetts, and hoed my corn four times a year, and worked the earth around, with my fingers, among the plants, to make them grow, and after all, thought I did well to get twelve, or even eight bushels to the acre, I did not know what it was to live easy." Nor do the New-England people, generally, know what it is to live easy. Yet, though it requires double the labor there to obtain half the income that may be obtained in some other portions of the country, their religious charities, on the whole, are nearly double what they are anywhere else. And these are the people who are called selfish, mean, stingy! Let those who thus reproach them do half as much for public interests of any sort, and we can then listen to their taunts with less contempt.

"But the Yankees," it is said, "always take

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good care of themselves." True: why should n't they? Who will take care of them, if they do not take care of themselves? All classes of people seem to desire to be taken care of—in regard to the *desire*, I see but little difference. The principal difference, which I perceive, is this: the Yankees understand very well that they must take care of themselves, and they set themselves about it with rather more energy and skill than some of their neighbors manifest; but no one can say of them, generally, that they live on their neighbors, or profit by wronging them.

All local prejudices and jealousies in our nation are, in every case, the extreme of folly; and, in religious matters, pre-eminently wicked. We are all one people; we have all one country; the real interests of the whole are the real interests of every part; if one member suffers, all the members must suffer with it; if one rejoices, all should rejoice with it; and if there is any honor or advantage in being a native of any particular section of the Union, the honor and advantage of being a member of the Union itself, are still greater.

There are some objections urged, often with popular effect, against the character and conduct of the early settlers of New-England, to which it may be well to give a passing notice before we close.

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It is said that their social and domestic character was stern, harsh, and unlovely. This assertion is shown to be entirely without foundation by the beautiful family views which we often find in Cotton Mather, and other writers of the period. The wife of Governor Hopkins, unfortunately, became insane, and, says Mather, "Very grievous was this affliction to her worthy consort, who was by temper a very affectionate person; and who now left no part of a tender husband undone, to ease, and, if it were possible, to cure this lamentable desolation. But the physician gave him to understand, that no means would be likely to restore her sense, but such as would be also likely to hazard her life; he replied, with tears, '*I had rather bear my cross unto the end that the Lord shall give.*'"

Respecting the lamented death of the Lady Arabella Johnson, a daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, Mather says, "Of those who died after their first arrival, not the least considerable was the Lady Arabella, who left an earthly paradise in the family of an earldom, to encounter the sorrows of a wilderness."——"It 's for her virtuous husband—

He try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and died.

His mourning for her death was too bitter to be

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extended a year, and about a month after her death, his ensued, to the extreme loss of the whole plantation."

The account, also, (too long to be inserted here,) of the affectionate and noble bearing of Governor Eaton, at the afflictive death of his eldest son, affords sufficient proof that, whatever may have been the faults of our fathers, unfeelingness, or a want of domestic affection, was not one of them.

It has sometimes been said, that the religion of the pilgrims was very imperfect, consisting in a rigid adherence to certain forms of faith or abstract doctrines, without much regard to morals, and especially permitting great cruelties to the Indians. This accusation is shown to be false by the early church covenants, and other religious documents. We do not affirm that their *practice* was always perfect, any more than that of other good men; but that their *theory* of religion was not imperfect, in the particulars alluded to, is abundantly shown by unexceptionable documentary evidence. Read, for example, the following extracts from the first church covenant that was ever adopted in Massachusetts :—

"We resolve to approve ourselves to the Lord in our callings, shunning idleness as the bane of any state; nor will we deal hardly or oppressingly with any wherein we are the Lord's stewards."

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"We promise to walk with our brethren with all watchfulness and tenderness, avoiding jealousies and suspicions, backbitings, censurings, provokings, secret risings of spirit against them."

"We will not in the congregation be forward either to show our gifts or parts in speaking or worshipping, or there discover the weaknesses and failings of our brethren."

"We bind ourselves to study the advancement of the Gospel in all truth and peace, both in regard to those that are without and within, no way slighting our sister churches, nor laying a stumbling-block in the way of any, no, not the Indians, whose good we desire to promote."

It would do no harm to many modern churches, and those, too, who call themselves most liberal and enlightened, to take a lesson from this old covenant. If, in times of war and terror, and under the provocations of extreme cruelty, they sometimes dealt hard measure to the poor Indian, we confess the fault, and simply inquire, "Who, in similar circumstances, would have been likely to do better?" Let him that is without sin, and has had the temptation, first cast the stone.

It is said that the Pilgrims were of narrow and bigoted minds. In reply to this I would say, that there is more true Christian liberality in the often quoted speech of Robinson to his church, when a part of them were about to embark for America,

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than in all the writings of all the titled ecclesiastics then living; and the sentiments of Robinson were the sentiments of his brethren generally.

But the pilgrims hung the witches, and persecuted the Baptists and the Quakers. So they did, for a short time, and under extenuating circumstances; but they soon saw their error, and repealed their persecuting laws. They were like all the rest of the world, at that time, in their error, but very much unlike all the rest of the world in their repentance. When they first reached America, they were far in advance of their age on every other topic, and, in regard to this, only on a level with it; and on this point they soon learned to outstrip their age in enlarged and enlightened views, as much as they had before on all others.

If any one will show us a community of men and women, in that period, more perfect than were the early settlers of New-England, we will give to that community the higher honor; *but till such a community can be found, we shall continue to honor our fathers as the noblest men, and our mothers as the noblest women, of the age in which they lived.*

Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE VOICES OF LIFE.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—David.

Like the sunset hue on the drops of dew,
When night shades chase the day,
Like the rainbow's gleam on the leaping stream,
Our life flies swift away.

With a stealthy tread by the bridal bed
Creeps He of the icy breath;
A kiss leaveth He, then laugheth in glee;
'T is the hollow laugh of Death.

He aimeth his dart at a maiden's heart,—
He loves the beautiful best,—
And the brightest gem of his diadem
He tore from a mother's breast!

He is plucking now from an infant's brow
The bud that is bursting fair;
In the dismal tomb will he hide its bloom;
No flowers can blossom there.

In youth's sunny hour, with a witching power,
Hope leadeth a merry round,
But the hoar old sage knoweth life's brief page,
A tale that hath ceased its sound.

O! nothing hath birth in the beautiful earth
But speaks with a tongue of fire,
Beyond the blue dome the True hath its home;
Then heavenward, my soul, aspire!

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N Southworth del.

Holy Hours.

Boston, Published by H B Williams

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HOLY HOURS.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

Oft she sat, gazing at the clear blue Heaven,
When twilight set the first young stars on watch,
Sending such holy glances back, it seemed
They met a sister star.

Ellen had given
Her fond heart to the world. She drank each cup
Of proffered joy, sweet to the moment's taste,
Yet turning to very bitterness. Fashion
Had she worshipped, bowing before its shrine
Voluptuous, with devotion full, and mirth
And wit with music joined to pour a sound
Of revelry from morn till eve, from eve
Till noon of night, upon her charmed ear,
And still her spirit thirsted for a draught
Of Heaven's pure wave, and yet she knew it not.

One eve she left the ball-room's giddy maze,
Heavy and worn and sick at heart. Her soul
By misery's dashing torrent-tide was swept;
Pleasure with all its dazzling pomp, she spurned;
Gloom, dark and woful, interwove each thought;
Hate from the darkness sprung, and scarcely wrong,
She frowned at all, deeming each honeyed word,

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Each proffered hand, each smile-wreathed lip, all, all
But taunting mockery, concealed to serve
Some selfish end; the end attained, that word
Would turn to gall, that hand be closed, that lip
Be curled with cold contempt and she passed by!

Poor is the giddy worldling's rush for life!
For in the after-thought Truth takes her throne,
Loud thundering in his ear of worlds to come;
Stern Reason's finger points to future wo;
And Conscience blows a flame within the soul,
Whose kindled heart with constant anguish burns;
As when upon Prometheus' liver fed the bird,
On Caucasus' famed mount, and feeding still
While still it grew, was never satisfied!

Dimly the flickering lamp shone where it hung,
And her frail limbs all wearily were thrown
Upon the waiting couch, but slumber soared
On dun-hued pinion far away! She tossed
From side to side; Thought, in her chaos home,
All hues assumed, and peopled every nook
With shapes unearthly, hideous and deformed,
And grim King Death with bony tread came nigh;
Seemed with the past inlinked all future time,
And Judgment and Eternity assumed
Their claims, while from the murky cloud of night,
A sainted mother came from Heaven, on wing
Angelic, and with tearful eye. She looked
Upon her only child, that heart-sick girl,
And then upon the Bible, gift of love,
Her dying gift, and heavenward took her way.

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O! what an hour was that! She took the book,
With dusty leaves unturned, unlocked its clasps,
And read,—as if the Holy Ghost did guide,—
Upon its page, "Prepare to meet thy God!"
The words rang changes through her brain, and still
The faltering lips pronounced their high import:
The sighing wind seemed with repeating voice
To give them back, deep spirit tongues conjoined
To echo them to Heaven, and Heaven the sound
Sent down to earth again! Her dark eye flashed
With such a blaze as mental agony
Oft-times enkindleth, burning up of wo
The magazine within, and then grows calm.
Like womb of earth, boiling with latent fires,
Transmuting solid rocks, with burning feuds,
When warring gases join in combat dire,
While giant forests bow, and mountains reel,
As from some Ætna's height, with hellish hiss,
The fiery elements find vent, and scale
High Heaven; or tumbling burning waves
Of liquid fire far down the mountain side,
Sweeping the plain with devastation dread,
Proud cities' towers submerging in the flood,
Inhuming millions neath the smouldering walls,
Till, all its fury spent, the tide is stayed,
Its deadly work is done, and peace again
Upon that yawning crater's jaws sits down!

So raged the mental fire, till past its force,
And then a change. Sweet spirit-tones she heard
Inviting call, "Come to the waters! Come!
Weary and heavy-laden, now repent!

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'Twas finished—gift of love!—high scheme
Of life!—when He, the Glorified of God,
Poured out, on Calvary, His blood for thee!
He lives and intercedes in Heaven! Believe—repent!
So shalt thou be forgiven, and live for God,
With cherubim and seraphim, who cry,
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord God of Hosts,
Who art, and wast, and art to come!—Amen!"

Flooded her eyes with tears: her heart was bowed,
And kneeling there she kissed the Holy Book,
Poured her full soul in prayer, and in that hour,
Was born of God; nor till the morning dawned,
Ceased praising Christ the Crucified, pleading
With earnest, humble heart, for His blessed aid,
The Comforter's, to shield from sin, and lead
In holy paths to Heaven; and now, with dawn
Of earliest day, and at the dusky eve,
She sits beside that sacred spot, to live
A while in Heaven, communing with her God,
And deems it all too much of good, that she
Is privileged to spend such holy hours.

Boston, July 24th, 1842.

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THE CORAL RING.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

"THERE is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish as from fifteen to twenty," said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book he had been reading, and leaned over the centre table.

"You insulting fellow!" replied a tall, brilliant-looking creature, who was lounging on an ottoman hard by, over one of Dickens's last works.

"Truth, coz,—for all that," said the gentleman, with the air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

"Now, Edward, this is just one of your wholesale declarations—for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know," replied the lady. "On your conscience, now, (if you have one,) is it not so?"

"My conscience feels quite easy, cousin, in subscribing to that very sentiment as my confession of faith," replied the gentleman, with provoking sang froid.

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"Pshaw!—it 's one of your fusty old bachelor notions. See what comes, now, of living to your time of life without a wife,—disrespect for the sex, and all that. Really, cousin, your symptoms are getting alarming."

"Nay, now, cousin Florence," said Edward, "you are a girl of moderately good sense, with all your nonsense—now do n't you (I know you *do*) think just so too?"

"Think just so too!—do hear the creature!" replied Florence. "No, sir; you can speak for yourself in this matter, but I beg leave to enter my protest when you speak for me too."

"Well, now, where is there, coz, among all our circle, a young girl that has any sort of purpose or object in life to speak of, except to make herself as interesting and agreeable as possible—to be admired, and to pass her time in as amusing a way as she can? Where will you find one between fifteen and twenty, that has any serious regard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected at all, or that modifies her conduct in the least with reference to it? Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, you have about as much real character, as much earnestness and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when one can get at it, as any young lady of them all, and yet, on your conscience, can you say that you live with any

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sort of reference to any body's good—or to any thing but your own present amusement and gratification?"

"What a shocking adjuration," replied the lady, "prefaced, too, by a three-story compliment! Well, being so adjured, I must think to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I do n't see as I am selfish,—I do all that I have any occasion to do, for any body. You know that we have servants to do every thing that is necessary about house, so that there is no occasion for my making a display of housewifely excellence; and I wait on mamma if she has a headache, and hand papa his slippers and newspaper, and find uncle John's spectacles for him twenty times a day, (no small matter that,) and then—"

"But after all, what is the object and purpose of your life?"

"Why—I have n't any. I do n't see how I can have any—that is, as I am made. Now, you know I 've none of the fussing, baby-tending, herb-tea-making recommendations of aunt Sally, and divers others of the class commonly called useful. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think *useful* persons are commonly rather fussy and stupid. They are just like the boneset and horehound and catnip, very necessary to be raised in a garden, but not in the least ornamental."

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"And you charming young ladies, who philosophize in kid slippers and French dresses, are the tulips and roses,—very charming and delightful and sweet, but fit for nothing on earth but parlor ornaments."

"Well, parlor ornaments are good in their way," said the young lady, coloring, and looking a little vexed.

"So you give up the point then," said the gentleman, "that that is all you girls are good for —just to amuse yourselves, amuse others, look pretty, and be agreeable."

"Well, and if we behave well to our parents, and are amiable in the family—I do n't know—and yet," said Florence, sighing, "I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher that we might become—yet really—what more than this is expected of us? what else can we do?"

"I used to read, in old-fashioned novels, about ladies visiting the sick and the poor," replied Edward. "You remember Cœlebs in Search of a Wife?"

"Yes, truly; that is to say, I remember the story, part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those everlasting conversations of Dr. Barlow, Mr. Stanley, and nobody knows who else, I skipped those of course. But really, this visiting and tending the poor, and all that, seems very well in

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a story, where the lady goes into a picturesque cottage half overgrown with honeysuckle, and finds an emaciated, but still beautiful woman, sitting propped up by pillows. But come to the downright matter of fact of poking about in all these vile, dirty alleys, and entering little, dark rooms, amid troops of grinning children, and smelling codfish and onions, and nobody knows what—dear me, my benevolence always evaporates before I get through. I'd rather pay any body five dollars a day to do it for me than do it myself. The fact is, that I have neither fancy nor nerves for this kind of thing."

"Well, granting, then, that you can do nothing for your fellow-creatures unless you are to do it in the most genteel, comfortable and picturesque manner possible, is there not a great field for a woman like you, Florence, in your influence over your associates? With your talents for conversation, your tact and self-possession, and lady-like gift of saying any thing you choose, are you not responsible, in some wise, for the influence you exert over those by whom you are surrounded?"

"I never thought of it," replied Florence.

"Now, you remember the remarks that Mr. Fortesque made, the other evening, on the religious services at church?"

"Yes, I do; and I thought then he was too bad."

"And I do not suppose there was one of you

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ladies in the room that did not think so too; but yet the matter was all passed over with smiles, and with not a single insinuation that he had said any thing unpleasing or disagreeable."

"Well, what could we do? One does not want to be rude, you know."

"Do!—could you not, Florence, you who have always taken the lead in society, and who have been noted for always being able to say and do what you please,—could you not have shown him that those remarks were unpleasing to you, as decidedly as you certainly would have done if they had related to the character of your father or brother? To my mind, a woman of true moral feeling should feel herself as much insulted when her religion is treated with contempt, as if the contempt were shown to herself. Do you not *know* the power which is given to you women to awe and restrain us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy? Believe me, Florence, that Fortesque, infidel as he is, would reverence a woman with whom he dared not trifle on sacred subjects."

Florence rose from her seat with a heightened color, her dark eyes brightening through tears.

"I am sure what you say is just, cousin, and yet I have never thought of it before. I will—I am determined to begin, after this, to live with some better purpose than I have done."

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"And let me tell you, Florence, in starting a new course, as in learning to walk, taking the first step is every thing. Now, I have a first step to propose to you."

"Well, cousin—"

"Well, you know, I suppose, that among your train of adorers you number Colonel Elliot?"

Florence smiled.

"And perhaps you do not know, what is certainly true, that among the most discerning and cool part of his friends, Elliot is considered as a lost man."

"Good heavens! Edward, what do you mean?"

"Simply this, that with all his brilliant talents, his amiable and generous feelings, and his success in society, Elliot has not self-control enough to prevent his becoming confirmed in intemperate habits."

"I never dreamed of this," replied Florence. "I knew that he was spirited and free, fond of society, and excitable, but never suspected any thing beyond."

"Elliot has tact enough never to appear in ladies' society when he is not in a fit state for it," replied Edward; "but yet it is so."

"And is he really so bad?"

"He stands just on the verge, Florence—just where a word fitly spoken might turn him. He is a noble creature, full of all sorts of fine im-

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pulses and feelings, the only son of a mother who dotes on him, the idolized brother of sisters who love him as you love your brothers, Florence; and he stands where a word, a look,—so they be of the right kind,—might save him."

"And why, then, do you not speak to him?" said Florence.

"Because I am not the best person, Florence. There is another who could do it better,—one whom he admires, who stands in a position which would forbid his feeling angry,—a person, cousin, whom I have heard in gayer moments say, that she knew how to say any thing she pleased, without offending any body."

"O, Edward!" said Florence, coloring, "do not bring up my foolish speeches against me,—and do not speak as if I ought to interfere in this matter, for indeed I cannot do it. I never could in the world; I am certain I could not."

"And so," said Edward, "you, whom I have heard say so many things which no one else could say or dared to say, you, who have gone on with such laughing assurance in your own powers of pleasing, shrink from trying that power when a noble and generous heart might be saved by it. You have been willing to venture a great deal for the sake of amusing yourself and winning admiration, but you dare not say a word for any high or noble purpose. Do you not see

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how you confirm what I said of the selfishness of you women?"

"But you must remember, Edward, this is a matter of great delicacy."

"That word *delicacy* is a charming cover-all, in all these cases, Florence. Now, here is a fine, noble-spirited young man, away from his mother and sisters, away from any family friend who might care for him, tempted, betrayed, almost to ruin, and a few words from you, said as a woman knows how to say them, might be his salvation. But you will look coolly on and see him go to destruction, because you have too much *delicacy* to make the effort, like the man that would not help his neighbor out of the water because he had never had the honor of an *introduction* to him."

"But, Edward, consider how peculiarly fastidious Elliot is—how jealous of any attempt to restrain and guide him."

"And just for that reason it is that no *man* of his acquaintance can do anything with him. But what are you women made with so much tact and power of charming for, if it is not to do these very things that we men cannot do? It is a delicate matter,—true; and has not Heaven given to you a fine touch and a nice eye for just such delicate matters? Have you not seen, a thousand times, that what might be resented, as an imper-

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tinent interference on the part of a man, comes to us as a flattering expression of interest, from the lips of a woman?"

"Well, but, cousin, what would you have me do? how would you have me do it?" said Florence, earnestly.

"You know that Fashion, who makes so many wrong turns, and so many absurd ones, has at last made one right one, and it is now a fashionable thing to sign the temperance pledge. Elliot himself would be glad to do it, but he foolishly committed himself against it, in the outset, and now feels bound to stand to his opinion. He has, too, been rather rudely assailed by some of the apostles of the new state of things, who did not understand the peculiar points of his character; in short, I am afraid that he will feel bound to go to destruction for the sake of supporting his own opinion. Now, if I should undertake with him, he might offer to shoot me; but I hardly think there is anything of the sort to be apprehended in your case. Just try your enchantments; you have bewitched wise men into doing silly things, before now; try, now, if you can't bewitch a foolish man into doing a wise thing."

Florence smiled archly, but instantly grew more thoughtful.

"Well, cousin," she said, "I will try. Though I think you are rather liberal in your ascriptions

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of power, yet I can put the matter to the test of experiment."

* * * * * *

Florence Elmore was, at the time we speak of, in her twentieth year. Born in one of the wealthiest families in ———, highly educated and accomplished, idolized by her parents and brothers, she had entered society as one born to command. With much native nobleness and magnanimity of character, with warm and impulsive feelings, and a capability of everything high or great, she had hitherto lived solely for her own amusement, and looked on the whole brilliant circle, by which she was surrounded, with all its various actors, as something got up for her special diversion. The idea of influencing any one, for better or worse, by anything she ever said or did, had never occurred to her. The crowd of admirers, of the other sex, who, as a matter of course, were always about her, she regarded as so many sources of diversion; but the idea of feeling any sympathy with them as human beings, or of making use of her power over them for their improvement, was one that never had entered her head.

Edward Ashton was an old bachelor cousin of Florence's, who, having earned the title of oddity, in general society, availed himself of it to exer-

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cise a turn for telling the truth to the various young ladies of his acquaintance, especially to his fair cousin Florence. We remark, by the by, that these privileged truth-tellers are quite a necessary of life to young ladies, in the full tide of society; and we really think it would be worth while for every dozen of them to unite to keep a person of this kind, on a salary, for the benefit of the whole; however, that is nothing to our present purpose; we must return to our fair heroine, whom we left, at the close of the last conversation, standing in a deep reverie, by the window.

"It 's more than half true," she said to herself—"more than half. Here am I, twenty years old, and I never have thought of anything, never have done anything, except to amuse and gratify myself; no purpose—no object—nothing high—nothing dignified—nothing worth living for!—only a parlor ornament, heigh-ho! Well, I really do believe I could do something with this Elliot; and yet—how I dread to try."

Now, my good readers, if you are anticipating a love story, we must hasten to put in our disclaimer; you are quite mistaken in the case. Our fair, brilliant heroine was, at this time of speaking, as heart-whole as the diamond on her bosom, which reflected the light in too many sparkling rays ever to absorb it. She had, to be sure, half in earnest, half in jest, maintained a bantering,

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platonic sort of friendship with George Elliot; she had danced, ridden, sung, and sketched with him; but so had she with twenty other young men, and as to coming to anything tender with such a quick, brilliant, restless creature, Elliot would as soon have undertaken to sentimentalize over a glass of soda water. No, there was decidedly no love in the case.

"What a curious ring that is!" said Elliot to her, a day or two after, as they were reading together.

"It 's a knight's ring," said she, playfully, as she drew it off and pointed to a coral cross set in the gold,—"a ring of the red-crossed knights. Come, now, I 've a great mind to bind you to my service with it."

"Do, lady fair!" said Elliot, stretching out his hand for the ring.

"Know, then," said she, "if you take this pledge, that you must obey whatever commands I lay upon you in its name."

"I swear!" said Elliot, in the mock heroic, and placed the ring on his finger.

An evening or two after, Elliot attended Florence to a party at Mrs. B——'s. Everything was gay and brilliant, and there was no lack either of wit or wine. Elliot was standing in a little alcove, spread with refreshments, with a glass of

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wine in his hand. "I forbid it; the cup is poisoned," said a voice in his ear. He turned quickly, and Florence was at his side. Every one was busy, with laughing and talking, around, and nobody saw the sudden start and flush that these words produced, as Elliot looked earnestly in the lady's face. She smiled, and pointed, playfully, to the ring; but after all, there was in her face an expression of agitation and interest which she could not repress, and Elliot felt, however playful the manner, that she was *in earnest*,—and as she glided away in the crowd, he stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the spot where she disappeared.

"Is it possible that I am suspected—that there are things said of me, as if *I* were in danger?" were the first thoughts that flashed through his mind. How strange that a man may appear doomed, given up, and lost, to the eye of every looker on, before he begins to suspect himself! This was the first time that any defined apprehension of loss of character had occurred to Elliot, and he was startled as if from a dream.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Elliot? you look as solemn as a hearse?" said a young man near by.

"Has Miss Elmore cut you?" said another.

"Come, man, have a glass," said a third.

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"Let him alone—he 's bewitched," said a fourth; "I saw the spell laid on him. None of us can say but our turn may come next."

An hour later, that evening, Florence was talking, with her usual spirit, to a group who were collected around her, when, suddenly looking up, she saw Elliot, standing in an abstracted manner, at one of the windows that looked out into the balcony.

"He is offended, I dare say," she thought; "but why should I care? For once in my life I have tried to do a right thing, a good thing; I have risked giving offence for less than this, many a time." Still, Florence could not but feel a little tremulous when, a few moments after, Elliot approached her, and offered his arm for a promenade. They walked up and down the room, she talking volubly, and he answering yes and no, and anything else, at cross purposes, till at length, as if by accident, he drew her into the balcony which overhung the garden. The moon was shining brightly, and everything without, in its placid quietness, contrasted strangely with the busy, hurrying scene within.

"Miss Elmore," said Elliot, abruptly, "may I ask you, sincerely, had you any design in a remark you made to me in the early part of the evening?"

Florence paused, and though habitually the

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most practised and self-possessed of women, the color actually receded from her cheek, as she answered—

"Yes, Mr. Elliot—I must confess that I had."

"And is it possible, then, that you have heard anything?"

"I have heard, Mr. Elliot, that which makes me tremble for you, and for those whose life I know is bound up in you; and, tell me, were it well, or friendly, in me to know that such things were said, that such danger existed, and not to warn you of it?"

Elliot stood for a few moments in silence.

"Have I offended? Have I taken too great a liberty?" said Florence, gently.

Hitherto Elliot had only seen in Florence the self-possessed, assured, light-hearted woman of fashion; but there was a reality, and depth of feeling, in the few words she had spoken to him, in this interview, that opened to him entirely a new view of her character.

"No, Miss Elmore," said he, earnestly, after some pause; "I may be *pained*, offended I cannot be. To tell the truth, I have been thoughtless, excited, dazzled; my spirits, naturally buoyant, have carried me, often, too far, and, lately, I have often painfully suspected my own powers of resistance; I have really felt that I needed help, but have been too proud to confess, even to my-

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self, that I needed it. You, Miss Elmore, have done what, perhaps, no one else could have done. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, and I shall bless you for it to the latest day of my life. I am ready to pledge myself to anything you may ask on this subject."

"Then," said Florence, "do not shrink from doing what it is safe and necessary and right for you to do, because you have once said you would not do it. You understand me."

"Precisely," replied Elliot; "and you shall be obeyed."

It was not more than a week before the news was circulated, that even George Elliot had signed the pledge of temperance. There was much wondering at this sudden turn among those who had known his utter repugnance to any measure of the kind, and the extent to which he had yielded to temptation; but few knew how fine and delicate had been the touch, to which his pride had yielded.

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CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases, brought them unto him.—Luke iv. 40.

The hills of Judea with sunset are bright,
Their fountain-streams flashing like gold, in its light;
The flower in the valley is closing its eye,
The shadows are lengthened and dwindling to die.

While over the lake comes the bland summer air,
Its freight of the mountain aroma to bear,
The bird, flying home, furls her wing by her nest,
To sing her sweet hymn where her little ones rest.

The scene is all peaceful, in beauty and love,
Serene and adoring while earth looks above,
To Him, who, withdrawing the glory of day,
With stars in bright armies her faith will repay.

But why, at this hour, comes yon impotent throng,
With nature refusing to bear them along,
Her forces enfeebled while onward they urge,
And thus from afar to one centre converge?

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The palsied, the crippled, the deaf and the blind,
The wasted in body, the tortured in mind;
The wild-fire of frenzy, the frost of despair,
With many-formed ills in assembly are there.

And, lo! the Physician! benign doth he stand
With myrrh in his vesture—with life in his hand;
And those who draw near shall find healing for them,
Although of his garment they touch but the hem.

Now, o'er the wan cheek see the health-roses come!
The blind receive sight; there is speech from the dumb;
The palsied walk forth; every form is made whole;
The demon possessor is chased from the soul.

But who is this mighty Physician, so sure
At once every evil to reach and to cure?
From what secret source are his medicines brought?
In whose holy name are his miracles wrought?

O, Christ is the Healer! the balm he bestows
From his heart of pity for man ever flows:
I WILL, is the name—the prescription he gives,
When, healed are the sick, and the dead again lives!

Yet not for these only doth Jesus appear;
To wo's latest heir in all time to be near,
Himself must be wounded, a life-giving tree
With balsam for all ever-flowing and free.

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And down through all ages these balm-drops shall fall,
Till earth's farthest borders respond to his call,
"Ye wounded, ye weary, ye sorrow-oppressed,
Come all unto me, and find healing and rest!"

He would little children should hasten to him,
Ere life's morning-beams with earth's vapor be dim;
But none may despair—there is time even yet,
Though low be our sun, if we come ere it set.

At length, from Mount Zion will Jesus look down,
And death melt away in the light of his crown,
While they who in faith now their wants to him bring,
In glory surround him, adoring their King.

Newburyport, Mass.

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A CHOICE OF LIFE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

I COVET not wealth, and I care not for fame,
But if my own lot I might choose,
A quiet retreat in some lone wood I'd claim,
Where the pure earth drinks Heaven's pure dews.

At the north a dark mountain should solemnly rise,
With its old trees by lightnings riven,
And its bald rocky summit look out from the skies
To point me the right way to Heaven.

Far away to the south a green valley should spread,
And up from its bosom should gleam,
Through maples and elms, a bright silvery thread
Of a slow-winding, pure crystal stream;—

And a small quiet lake, on whose unruffled breast
The wild duck might fearlessly play,
Should spread its soft waters away to the west,
And blush in the sunsetting ray;—

And the stout-armed oak with its deep scolloped leaves
Throw its shade on my cottage door,
And the generous soil from the seed it receives
A bountiful harvest restore.

With the wife of my heart, and my joyous sons,
And my book and my pen, here I'd rest,
And the wealth and the power of earth's mightiest ones,
Were they mine, could not make me more blest.

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REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

BY REV. PRESIDENT BEECHER.

In a historical account of wars, the most remarkable occurrences only are mentioned, and those battles described from which important consequences resulted, whilst skirmishes, or acts of individual enterprise, however marked by courage, are generally unknown. It thus of necessity happens that whilst philosophical correctness of outline is secured, the dramatic interest of the narrative is lost. An outline, however philosophical, is but the unfinished sketch of a landscape; it presents little to arrest the eye or to excite the feelings. But complete it, array the trees in robes of green, scatter clouds over the blue surface of the sky, let flocks graze in the meadows, and man cultivate the fields, let ships float down the smooth rivers to the sea, and the waves of the dark ocean dash on the shores, and we regard the picture with delight. In the following narrative, it is my design minutely to sketch an incident of the revolutionary war.

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The subject of the narrative I frequently saw in my youthful days, and as I write, his venerable form rises vividly before my mind. I received the narrative from one who heard it from his own mouth, and soon after I committed it to writing. Farther than this I cannot vouch for its truth. I will, however, add that I know of no reason to doubt its correctness. However this may be, it is enough for me if I faithfully perform all that I have undertaken,—that is, to tell the story as 't was told to me.

After the retreat of Washington from Long Island, and the evacuation of New-York, those places were wholly in the power of the British. These occurrences cast a gloom over the minds of such as were interested in the welfare of the nation. Many were greatly discouraged, and almost ceased to hope for success. Circumstances were indeed very unpromising. New-York is the key to the Sound, and the possession of that place, together with Long Island, left the whole adjacent coast at their mercy. The British, after occupying the Island, erected on it a fort, nearly opposite to Saybrook, which was used as a depot for stores and provisions for the army.

There was at that time stationed in Connecticut, a regiment of select soldiers, who were reserved for hazardous exploits. They were under the command of a colonel, who was a man of un-

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daunted courage, and uncommon energy and decision. He was highly esteemed by Washington. He watched attentively the motions of the enemy, and procured all the information he could obtain respecting the situation and strength of the fort. He then laid a plan of taking it by an unexpected assault by night, and communicated it to Washington, requesting, at the same time, permission to carry it into execution. Washington was surprised at the proposal, and after deliberating a few moments, refused his consent. The army was then greatly diminished, and to hazard the lives of so many brave men in an attempt, the success of which was so uncertain, seemed little short of madness. The colonel retired, but was not discouraged. He petitioned a second time with no better success. The third time his entreaties were so earnest, that Washington was affected, for the lives of his soldiers were dear to him. "Colonel," said he, "you are one of my strongest supports, and your men are the flower of the army. I cannot let you go; it is too hazardous." Still the colonel entreated. Washington then said, "Do you think you *can* take the fort?" The reply was, "May it please your honor, I *know* I can." "Go, then," said Washington, "and the blessing of the Lord attend you. But let no man on earth, no, not even your own soldiers, know where you are going." The

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colonel retired, selected one hundred and twenty of his best men, and marched to Saybrook, where the boats lay. It was night when he embarked. His men inquired where he was going? His only answer was, "Follow me." They then crossed the Sound as nearly opposite the fort as possible, and on landing, commenced their march towards the fort, concealed by the shades of night. No sound was heard but the light tread of cautious footsteps, and the suppressed whisper. At length the fort was dimly seen through the darkness. In a low voice, the colonel ordered the band to halt. He then pointed to the fort, laid open his designs, and added a few words to excite their valor. He then divided them into three sections, each under the command of the bravest man. The attack was to be commenced on three sides at the same moment. The signal was the firing of the first gun. After entering the fort, the watchword was to be repeated; it was "Washington and Liberty." They then separated and marched in cautious silence. Every eye was fixed on the fort, every ear attentive to the smallest sound, every heart throbbed quick. They faintly saw the sentinel slowly pacing backwards and forwards, unconcerned, and little thinking that his last hour was come; that the sun, whose first rays were so soon to enlighten the east, would never again meet and cheer his eyes. He

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turned and walked from them, and they quickened their march whilst unseen. As he turned again, he saw them. Startled, he exclaimed, "Who comes?" No one replied. He repeated his question, but still there was silence. He then fired; this was the signal. The colonel touched the shoulder of the man that stood next him. He rushed upon the sentinel with his bayonet. He fell and expired. At that instant, the assault was commenced. The contest was short. The enemy in their sleep had not dreamed of an attack. The sound of the watchword of American freedom roused them from their slumbers, and ignorant of the numbers of the assailants, and distracted by the three attacks, they fought without order, or effect, and soon surrendered. The colonel was first in the fort, and his men had scarcely sounded the watchword, ere it was repeated by the second band, and before it had time to be re-echoed, it was shouted by the third. The enemy, ashamed to have been so easily conquered, retired to a building within the fort, and fired from the windows. Enraged at this treachery, the colonel entered sword in hand, followed by his men, and a scene of carnage ensued. No quarter was given, and the bodies were thrown from the windows. The stores were immediately destroyed, and the fort injured as much as possible. The hay for the horses of the cavalry

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was in two long rows, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. The colonel took five men, and ordered the rest to march directly to the boats, lest their retreat should be cut off. He and his companions seized some horses that were there, and rode quickly to the hay, and discharged their pistols in various parts of it, and it was soon in a blaze. They waited no longer, but marched with all possible expedition to join the other party, whom they soon overtook. They gained their boats just as the enemy appeared at a distance in pursuit of them. A few shots were fired, but they were soon out of reach. The colonel and his brave band were received by Washington with the greatest joy, as those risen from the dead.

When these things were done, it was to our forefathers an hour of almost midnight gloom. Care, like a mountain, sat heavy upon the heart of the Father of his country. But God gave him strength, and he desponded not. His energy nerved the hearts of all; they persevered and conquered.

The history of our fathers' struggle too often feeds the spirit of effeminate vain-glory. On us let it exert a nobler influence. Let it teach us never to despond in the cause of righteousness and truth. By sacrifices and toils unknown and almost unconceived by us, was our civil liberty

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obtained. But our highest and noblest liberty is yet unwon. A warfare of principle yet rages; and till it is decided for God and for the truth, we are not, we cannot, be truly free.

Could the lower liberty be purchased only at the price of toils and blood, and shall we shrink from paying, if need be, an equal price for the higher? Yet through love of wealth and ease we are fast becoming effeminate, and ingloriously shrink from sacrifices and toils in the great war of principle that now rages on every side.

Let us study once more the lives of our fathers. Let their indomitable energy and unconquerable courage shame us, and trusting in the God who gave them strength, let us prepare for the fiercer moral conflicts which are near at hand.

It is not without an arduous struggle that the highest, and perfect liberty of our country and of the world can be secured. It will exceed all that has yet been seen on earth. It will be the warfare of the great day of God Almighty.

But let no man's heart fail—God is for us, and the result is sure.

The night is far spent—the day is at hand. Let us, then, gird on the armor of light—that having fought courageously the battles of the Lord, we may enjoy forever his victory and triumph.

Illinois College.

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PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. J. J. MERRITT.

FULL many a sigh and bitter tear,
Full many a sad and heart-felt moan,
Is poured upon the silence drear
Of night, and heard by God alone.

And doth He heed the wearying sound,
Oft-rising, of the mournful sigh?
"Not e'en a sparrow to the ground
Falls, unregarded by his eye."

Then think, "O, ye of little faith,"
When, inwardly, the voiceless prayer
Ye breathe, of what the promise saith—
Praise, prayer, and sighs, find audience THERE.

And O, remember, when the heat
And burden of the day oppress,
When the worn heart would cease to beat,
The spirit crave forgetfulness,—

To cast thy sorrows where each sound,
Heart-poured, will surely reach on high;
"Not e'en a sparrow to the ground
Falls, unregarded by his eye."

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CONTRASTS.

BY REV. EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.

The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest.—ISAIAH.
To his people he will speak peace.—DAVID.
We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. JOHN.

BEHOLD the raging of the sea,
Which storms to fury lash!
It roars amidst the lightning's glare
And rolling thunder's crash.

Again behold;—the storm is o'er;
No more the fierce wind blows,
But rolling still, it from the sun
Unsteady flashes throws.

Now all is calm: the full-orbed sun,
Glad monarch of the day,
Beholds his perfect image bright
His glories there display.

Thus we were like the troubled sea,
And tempests tossed our mind,
And storms of vengeance o'er us roared,
Nor could we refuge find.

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But hark! the Savior speaks, and lo!
Those storms of vengeance cease;
His partial image we reflect,
And partly feel his peace.

And soon our sky shall cloudless be,
Full-orbed our sun shall shine;
Then we his image shall reflect
Unbroken and divine.

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MAR YOHANNAN AND HIS PEOPLE.

BY REV. D. CROSBY.

THE feelings with which we contemplate the living remnant of a wasted people are stronger, more influential, and partake of a higher moral character, than any which arise from mere classical associations, or from a veneration of antiquity.

On the banks of the Nile or the Euphrates the traveller finds enough to excite, and nothing to check, his imagination in drawing a brilliant picture of a former age. But when he enters the mountains of Koordistan, the charm is broken, the romance is dissipated. He now finds himself bound to the past not by a colossal pyramid, or a broken column, or a fragment of exquisite workmanship, but by the realities of social and moral degradation. Still he is reminded of the past. He is as forcibly carried back to other days, when he enters the small, dark, vaulted room of a Nestorian church, as when he wanders among the ruins of Thebes or of Rome. He cannot forget that these mountain fastnesses

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have been the home of the same people for nearly two thousand years; and that the half savage tribes around him, ignorant, ferocious, and miserably poor, are the lineal descendants and representatives of a Christian sect, whose religious influence was once felt over a greater extent of the Eastern world than is now ruled by the English language and the English arms.

His interest in the Nestorians, therefore, if he have the moral prerequisites necessary to feel an interest, is deeper, nobler, more abiding, more practical than the love of antiquity or the emotions of taste.

The term Nestorian is an ecclesiastical rather than a national designation; and it is not, perhaps, quite fair to use it as the common appellative of the people to whom it is now applied, against their express wishes, inasmuch as it attaches to their community any odium that may pertain to an individual and to the errors of a former age.

The Apostles who, doubtless, preached the Gospel in Mesopotamia, found in that region a mixed population of Jews and Gentiles. Christianity, so far as it was embraced, broke down the separating wall between the two classes; and making its draught upon all classes in the community, united them all in bonds of a purer faith and a holy charity. Unhappily for the harmony of the new church, thus formed, the process of as-

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similation did not keep pace with the extension of the community, and scarcely had four centuries elapsed before the germs of many of the errors, now ascribed to the Romish church, made their appearance in this widely-extended vineyard of the Lord.

In the year A. D. 431, when the tide, which had long before set in, was fast bearing the church away from her original purity, Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, was deposed for heresy, excommunicated, and banished to Arabia. On some points his views were doubtless erroneous, but he seems to have been deposed, as much for this, as for any thing else, that he did not go as rapidly and as far as others, with the current. Possibly his fault was, that he did not become heretical as fast as his Western brethren.

His case created great sympathy. He was indeed banished, but his cause remained, and found many powerful adherents in Mesopotamia and Persia. These at length, impelled by the force of circumstances, rather than by any premeditated design, assumed the attitude of a separate sect; and hence the origin of the Nestorian church.

Although this church began with the unenviable reputation of the first essential schism from the general church, yet before the close of the fifth century they had acquired sufficient influence

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to fill the archbishopric of Seleucia, which had become vacant by death.

From this period onward for nearly twelve hundred years, the fates of this sect form one of the most instructive and interesting chapters in the history of the church. They grew up rapidly a towering hierarchy. Their churches became so widely extended as to form, at least, "twenty-five metropolitan sees, embracing a far greater number of bishoprics, and still more numerous societies." On the west they spread themselves into Syria and Armenia; on the south they penetrated to the centre of Arabia. Their missions on the east extended from the shores of the Caspian to the city of Canton, and from Canton even to the Chinese wall. Whether under the authority of Persia, or subject to the Arabian caliphs, or the power of the Tartars, the Nestorians, with the exception of a few seasons of persecution, made their influence felt in the palace of the reigning dynasty. Kings and princes were numbered among their converts. At one time, indeed, a Mogul prince, with two hundred thousand of his subjects, professed the Christian faith.

Such were the Nestorians in the days of their prosperity. How sad a contrast is presented in their present condition! Their power as a Christian sect has passed away. Their mission churches have perished. And the sword of Mohammed,

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which laid waste the fair Zion of the fathers, is still drawn for the plunder and oppression of their miserable descendants.

The Nestorian churches did not possess a self-preserving and propagating power. The Gospel in its purity they had not. The press, more to be valued now, than was the gift of tongues in ancient times, they knew not of. As a consequence they had no printed scriptures, and could not give their converts the word of God. They found them pagans, and in thousands of instances, unquestionably, converted them to Christ; but they were compelled to leave them, without the word of life, without a Christian literature, and with barely enough of truth to avail for their first conversion. How could it be otherwise than that, when the sweeping desolations of war broke up their organizations, silenced the voice of the living preacher, and interrupted the pious instructions of the family, the feeble element of piety should not be long preserved beyond the first generation of converts? The faithful martyr could indeed seal his testimony with his blood; but in an age of darkness, surrounded by a pagan public sentiment, and especially before a sword drawn for the very purpose of enforcing upon them another creed, how could the descendants of the first believers firmly adhere to the scriptures which they did not possess, and to a faith which

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they understood but imperfectly? The wonder is, that any vestiges of their primitive faith should remain. At more recent periods the emissaries of the pope have nearly completed the work of desolation which the iron rule of the Mohammedan began. A few tribes in the almost inaccessible districts of the Koordish mountains, and a few villages on the plain of Ooroomiah, have preserved in some good degree of purity the creed of the ancient Syrian church; although it is to be feared that they have sadly departed from its spirit. During the last three centuries, this interesting remnant, "faithful found among the faithless," have been almost entirely concealed from the Christian world. In the year 1830 the Rev. Messrs. Smith and Dwight, under the direction of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," visited the plain and city of Ooroomiah, and here, in the interior of Persia, they discovered the wasted remains of a church, which "for so many centuries was one of the most distinguished spiritual lights of the world." The first Nestorian village which they entered was the residence of Mar Yohannan, whose portrait stands at the front of this volume. The bishop was absent at the time of their arrival, but they found themselves surrounded by friendly Nestorians, who were eager to see and converse with Christians from our Western churches, of which they

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had probably never before heard. The reception given them by the bishop was most cordial, and from that time to the present, he has shown himself friendly to the missionaries, and has manifested a strong desire to co-operate with them in imparting the light of the Gospel to his ignorant and oppressed countrymen.

Bishop Mar Yohannan is about forty years of age, possessing an amiable cast of countenance, and dignified and serious in his personal appearance. His spiritual jurisdiction extends over fourteen villages, situated mostly on the plain which lies at the foot of the Koordish mountains on the Persian side, and his designation, as he writes it himself, is "Bishop of Ooroomiah."

He seems to be fully apprised that his people are politically, intellectually, and morally degraded, and to manifest a proper desire for their instruction and elevation. In his first interview with Mr. Smith, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "Why do you leave us thus? We are your brethren; it is your duty to come and deliver us from this yoke of bondage." And three years after this, when the Rev. Mr. Perkins, the first missionary of the Board to Persia, arrived at his village, although it was then past midnight, the bishop ran to meet him in the yard, and gave him a cordial welcome.

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It is to be hoped, that the better information and more enlarged views which he may obtain in this country, will only increase his zeal in the improvement of his own people. Already have they received the Gospel, and the press, from a nation which, while their fathers were spreading the light of Christianity over all the earth, and kindling its fires even in central China, was hidden in impenetrable darkness, the home of savage tribes.

When the health of Mrs. Perkins rendered it necessary for her husband to return to this country, Mar Yohannan gladly embraced an opportunity, which he had long desired, of visiting other parts of the world. He came among us as a connecting link between ancient and modern Christian missions, as the representative of the most ancient church in existence to one of the most modern.

Missionary Rooms, Boston.

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HYMN.

BY REV. RAY PALMER.

O that I had wings like a dove.

FIXED in some deep and lonely cell,
And doomed a weary chain to wear,
The prisoner's bosom oft must swell
With longing to be free as air.

Thus by dull sense shut in, confined
To this low earth, where shadows lie
That chill its fires, its vision blind,
My prisoner spirit pines to fly.

Far, far above the gloom of night
It sees the purely brilliant sheen
Of stars that ever roll in light,
And wishes for a world serene;—

A world unstained by sin and tears,
Unreached by pangs that wring us here,
Where, in the calm, sweet flow of years,
There's nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Such a fair realm there is on high,
For yearning souls that restless roam;
O for thy wings, thou dove, to fly
And seek in that bright land a home!

Bath, Me.

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